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NOVEMBER 1866.



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NOVEMBER 1866.

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* * * *Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, care of MESSRS. ROBSON & SON, Printing Works, Pancras Road, London, N.W.*

Victims of Doubt.

It is not the fashion at present to scoff at Christianity, or to make an open profession of infidelity. Ponderous treatises to prove that revealed religion is an impossibility, and coarse blasphemies against holy things, are equally out of date. Yet to men of earnest convictions, whether holding the whole or only some portions of revealed truth, the moral atmosphere is not reassuring. The pious Catholic, the Bible-loving Protestant, and the hybrid of the last phase of Tractarianism, are alike distrustful of the smooth aspect of controversy and the calm surface of the irreligious element. There is something worse than bigotry or disbelief, and that is scepticism. And, if we may judge from what we hear and read, it is this to which most schools of thought outside of the Catholic Church are rapidly drifting, if they have not already reached it, and into which restless and disloyal Catholics are in danger of being precipitated. An answer made to an old Oxford friend by one who was once with him in the van of the Tractarian movement, but did not accompany him into the true fold,—“I agree with you, that *if* there is a divine revelation, the Roman Catholic Church is the ordained depositary of it; but this *if* is an uncertainty which I cannot solve,”—would probably express the habitual state of mind of a fearfully large number of the more thoughtful of our countrymen, and the occasional reflection of many more who do not often give themselves time to think. And to multitudes who are plunging or gliding into doubt the Catholic system, which their unhappy training has made it one of their first principles to despise or detest, has not even presented itself as an alternative.

The current literature of the day, which is mostly framed to suit the taste of the market, and reacts again in developing that taste farther in the same direction, is *préceminent*, not blasphemous, or anti-Catholic, or polemical, but sceptical. The following description of the periodical press by the Abbé Louis Baunard, in his recent publication,* might seem to have been written for London instead of Paris :

“With some rare exceptions, you will not find any rude scoffing, violent expressions, unfashionable cynicism, harsh systems, or exclu-

* *Le Doute et ses Victimes dans le Siècle présent*, par M. l'Abbé Louis Baunard. Paris.

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sive intolerance. It is not controversy that is the business of these writers, but criticism. They deal in expositions and suppositions, but almost always without deciding any thing. It is a principle with them that there are only shades of difference between the most contradictory propositions; and the reader becomes accustomed to see these shades in such questions as those which relate to the Personality of God, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the supernatural generally. This does not hinder these men from calling themselves Christians, in the vague sense of a loose Christianity, which allows the names of ancient beliefs to remain, while it destroys their substance. They do not assault the old religion in front, but silently undermine the foundations on which it rests, and carry on ingenious parallels by the side of revealed truth, till some conclusion emerges which utterly subverts it, without having appeared to be intentionally directed against it. There is one review, the most widely-circulated of all, in the same number of which an article clearly atheistical will be found by the side of another article breathing the most correct orthodoxy, and very much surprised to see itself in such company. Such concessions to truth, which are made only now and then, serve to give the publication that makes them a certain appearance of impartiality, and thus to accredit error, and to lay one more snare for the reader."

We may be inclined, on a cursory perusal of such periodicals as the *Saturday Review*, to indulge gleefully in the laughter excited by the ludicrous aspect in which some pompous prelate or fussy evangelical preacher is presented; or to admire the acute and seemingly candid dissection, at one time, of a Protestant scheme of evidences, at another, of an infidel philosophy; or to rejoice in the substitution of decorous calmness for rancour and raving in handling Catholic truth. But when we study a series of such publications, and notice how systematically *all* earnest convictions are made to show a weak or ridiculous side, and *all* proofs of Christianity to appear defective, and how, under a smooth surface of large-minded impartiality, there beats a steady tide of attack upon all supernatural virtue and all supernatural truth, our hearts must needs ache to think of the effects of such teaching on multitudes of imperfectly grounded minds. In the words of the author to whom we have referred, "Right and wrong, true and false, yes and no, meet and jostle each other, and are mistaken for each other in minds bewildered and off their guard, and mostly incapable of discrimination; till at length, lost in these cross-roads, tired of systems and of contradictions, and not knowing in what direction to find light, all but the most energetic sit down and rest in doubt, as in the best wisdom and the safest position." But

to sit down in doubt is either to abdicate the highest powers of a reasonable being, or to admit an enemy that will use them as instruments of torture. Except for souls of little intellectual activity, or wholly steeped in sense, this sitting down in doubt is like sitting down in a train that is moving out of the station with the steam up and no engine-driver, or in a boat that is drifting out of harbour into a stormy sea.

The Abbé Baunard has collected the experiences of some of these reckless and storm-tossed wanderers into a painfully interesting volume. He has selected from the chief sceptical philosophers and poets of the present century those who, in private journals or autobiographical sketches, have made the fullest disclosures of the working of their own minds, and has let them speak for themselves. He calls them "victims of doubt," and bids us listen with compassion to their bitter lamentations over the wreck of the past, and their gloomy anticipations of the future, and to the cries of pain and shame which seem forced out of them, even amidst their proudest boasts of independence and most resolute rejections of revealed truth. But, although an expression here or there may be unguarded, he distinguishes very clearly between pitying and excusing these victims. He reminds us that compassion for the sufferings entailed by doubt cannot absolve from the guilt of doubt. He protests against the claim made by sceptics to be regarded as warriors in conflicts in which only the noble engage, and as scarred with honourable wounds; and against the notion that to have suffered much in a wrong cause is a guarantee of sincerity and a title to salvation. He quotes with reprobation the plea of M. Octave Feuillet: "Ah! despise as much as you choose what is despicable. But when unbelief suffers, implores, and is respectful, do you respect it. There are blasphemies, be assured, which are as good as prayers, and unbelievers who are martyrs. Yes, I firmly believe that the sufferings of doubt are holy, and that to think of God, and to be always thinking of Him, even with despair, is to honour Him and to be pleasing to Him." He would not admit the same plea in the more plausible form and more touching language in which it is urged by Mr. Froude: "You who look with cold eyes on such a one, and lift them up to heaven, and thank God you are not such as he, and call him hard names, and think of him as of one who is forsaking a cross, and pursuing unlawful indulgence, and deserving all good men's reproach! Ah! could you see down below his heart's surface, could you count the tears streaming down his cheeks, as out through some church-door into the street come pealing the old familiar notes, and the old psalms which he cannot sing, the chanted creed which

is no longer his creed, and yet to part with which was worse agony than to lose his dearest friend; ah! you would deal him lighter measure. What! is not his cup bitter enough, but that all the good, whose kindness at least, whose sympathy and sorrow, whose prayers he might have hoped for, that these must turn away from him as from an offence, as from a thing forbid?—that he must tread the wine-press alone, calling no God-fearing man his friend; and this, too, with the sure knowledge that of coldness least of all he is deserving, for God knows it is no pleasant task which has been laid on him." The fallacies which are dextrously interwoven in this passage, that sympathy precludes condemnation, that intense suffering of any kind sanctifies the sufferer, and that the state of doubt is imposed as a burden and not wilfully incurred and retained, are refuted out of the mouth of those who resort to them. We see, indeed, in the records of these victims of doubt, various circumstances leading to their fall; such as the heathenish state of the colleges where some of them lost their faith, the anti-Christian theories of science and philosophy magisterially propounded to them, the personal influence of friends who were already committed to scepticism, the poisonous literature thrown in their way, and the excitement of political revolutions; and, of course, in the case of those who had not received a Catholic education, the far greater palliation of the absence of a coherent system of belief. But, at the same time, we see no less plainly the working of wilful negligence and presumption in their descent into the abyss, and of wilful pride and obstinacy in refusing to seek the means of extrication from it. They are victims of doubt as others are victims of a habit of opium-eating or gambling; and if we sympathise with them more deeply than with these latter, it is rather because their anguish is more intense and more refined, than because it is less the harvest of their own sowing. By the side of those who fell, there were others of the same sensibility of mind, placed in the same circumstances, exposed to the same assaults, who stood firm by prayer and humility, and who found in their faith a provision for all their mental wants, and a fountain of peace under the heaviest trials. And by the side of those who, having once made shipwreck of their faith, plunged more and more deeply into despair of knowing any thing with certainty, till they flung away the life that their own doubts had made an intolerable burden, there were others equally astray and equally burdened, who worked their way back to life and peace by the same path of earnest and humble prayer. Some of these contrasts are very effectively presented by our author, and others will suggest themselves to his readers.

The victims whose wanderings and sufferings are portrayed in this volume are Théodore Jouffroy, Maine de Biran, Santa Rosa, Georges, Farcy, and Edmond Schérer, from among the philosophers of the century; and Lord Byron, Friedrich Schiller, Heinrich von Kleist, and Leopardi from among the poets; followed by a less detailed account of a group of French sceptical poets, Alfred de Musset, Henri Heine, Murger, Gérard de Nerval, and Hégésippe Moreau, whose writings are mostly too gross for quotation, although enough is given to show that their experience of the effects of doubt resembled that of the rest. All, with the exception of M. Schérer, who is the editor of the French paper *Le Temps*, have passed into a world where doubt is no longer possible—two of them by their own hand, and two more by violent deaths which they had gone to meet rather from weariness of life than from enthusiasm for the cause for which they fought.

There is only one of the whole number, Maine de Biran, whose death was thoroughly satisfactory; and he, though certainly to be reckoned among the victims of doubt, which clouded the best years of his life, and from which he only very slowly worked his way to freedom, is introduced rather in the way of contrast to the other philosophers and especially to Jouffroy. The great difference in his case lay in two things, that he paid more attention to the moral nature of man, and did not so wholly subordinate the desire of the good to the search after the true, and that he was on his guard against that pride of intellect which we see so rampant in his fellow philosophers. While all the most celebrated men of Paris were paying court to him, and although, even before he had published any thing beyond some short metaphysical treatises, M. Royer Collard cried, "He is the master of us all," and M. Cousin pronounced him to be the greatest French metaphysician since Malebranche, his own private reflection was: "Pride will be the ruin of my life, as long as I do not seek from on high a spirit to direct mine, or to take its place." Yet it was not till his fifty-second year, after many years' vain pursuit of truth in different systems of sensualistic and rationalistic philosophy, and of happiness first in pleasure and then in study and retirement, that he set himself resolutely to try surer means. "Not finding," he wrote in May 1818, "any thing satisfactory either in myself or out of myself, in the world of my ideas or in that of objects, I have been for some time past more determined to look for that fixed resting-place which has become the need of my mind and of my heart, in the notion of the Absolute, Infinite, and Unchangeable Being. The religious and moral beliefs which reason does not create, but which are its necessary basis and support, now present

themselves to me as my only refuge, and I can find no true knowledge any where than just there, where before, with the philosophers, I found only dreams and chimeras. My point of view has altered with my disposition and moral character." From this time the progress upwards was steady. We find notices in his journal of earnest prayer, of daily meditation, of study of the Gospels and the *Imitation of Christ*. Four years of physical suffering and outward trials deepened the work of conversion, and were passed with Christian resignation. The last words that he wrote were words of certainty and peace. "The Christian walks in the presence of God and with God, by the Mediator whom he has taken as his guide for this life and the next." The *Ami de la Religion* of July 24, 1824, contained the notice: "Maine de Biran fulfilled his Christian duties in an edifying manner, and received the Sacraments at the hands of his pastor, the Curé of St. Thomas d'Aquin."

Théodore de Jouffroy, if his life had not been suddenly cut short, would probably have had the same happiness. After having devoted his immense powers of mind to the study and dissemination of sceptical philosophy from 1814 to 1839, when bad health forced him to resign the professor's chair, he had begun to soften his tone, to speak respectfully of revealed religion, and to look wistfully and hopefully to it for the solution of the great problems which it had been the business and the torture of his life to investigate by the unaided light of his own intellect. He had conversed with Monseigneur Cart, the Bishop of Nîmes, and had said to him, "I am not now one of those who think that modern societies can do without Christianity; I would not write in this sense to-day. You have a grand mission to fulfil, monseigneur. Ah! continue to teach the gospel well." He took pleasure in seeing his daughter preparing herself for her first communion; and speaking about a work of Lamennais to the clergyman who was instructing her, he said with a deep sigh, "Alas! M. le Curé, all these systems lead to nothing; better—a thousand times better—one good act of Christian faith." The Curé left his room with good hopes of his conversion, and in the belief that the faith of his childhood had come to life again in his heart. But before he could see him again, and put these hopes to the test, Jouffroy expired suddenly and without previous warning on the 1st of March 1842.

Two or three of the French poets had time to ask for a priest, or to admit one when, in the hospitals to which their excesses had brought them, a Sister of Charity proposed it. Leopardi, outwardly at least sceptical and gloomy to the last, received a doubtful absolu-

tion from a priest, who came when the dying man was insensible.* To all the rest even as much as this was wanting.

We have not space to go into the details of these melancholy histories; but we must give a few extracts in illustration of the keen regret with which these victims of doubt look back to the religious convictions of their youth from the cheerlessness and misery of the state to which they have reduced themselves, and of the involuntary homage which, even while refusing to submit to the teaching of the Church, they are forced to pay to it. Here is Jouffroy's reminiscence of the happy days of faith: "Born of pious parents and in a country where the Catholic faith was still full of life at the beginning of this century, I had been early wont to consider man's future and the care of my own soul the chief business of life, and all my subsequent education tended to confirm these serious dispositions. For a long time, the beliefs of Christianity had fully answered to all the wants and all the anxieties which such dispositions introduce into the soul. To these questions, which to me were the only questions that ought to occupy man, the religion of my fathers gave answers, and those answers I believed, and, thanks to my belief, my present life was clear, and beyond it I saw the future that was to follow it spread itself out without a cloud. At ease as to the path

* We have used this expression, although aware of the letter of Father Scarpa published first in the journal *Scienza e Fede*, and afterwards in the eighth edition of Father Curci's *Fatti ed Argomenti in risposta alle molte parole di V. Gioberti*, in which he gives an account of Leopardi's recourse to his ministry and reconciliation by his means to the Church in 1836; not, of course, because we agree with Gioberti that this simple and modest letter is "a tissue of lies and deliberate inventions, and a sheer romance from beginning to end;" but because Leopardi's letters in the beginning of 1837 and his continuance in the composition of his last poem, the *Paralipomeni*, the conclusion of which was dictated a few days before his death, seem to suggest the melancholy alternative either of a feigned conversion or of a relapse into scepticism. He told Father Scarpa when he offered himself to be prepared for confession, that he had been banished from his father's house; and that he was now penitent, and was about to publish papers which would show his altered sentiments. It is amusing to notice that to the staid and decorous *Quarterly Review*, as well as to Gioberti, this was too great an opportunity to be lost of reviling the Jesuits. Accordingly, on no other ground than that Father Scarpa repeated *as told him by Leopardi* what his letters contradict, and that he was not quite correct in guessing at his age and describing his appearance ten years after his interview with him, the reviewer indorses Gioberti's description, and calls the letter "an instance of audacity beyond all common efforts in that kind." The habitual mendacity in Leopardi's letters, and his offer, while an unbeliever, to be ordained in order to hold a benefice which he intended *after saying a few Masses* to have served by another, make it unfortunately not improbable that his conversion was only pretended.

that I had to pursue in this world, at ease as to the goal to which it was to conduct me in the other, understanding the phases of life, and death in which they are blended, understanding myself, understanding the designs of God for me, and loving Him for the goodness of His designs, I was happy with the happiness that springs from a firm and ardent faith in a doctrine which solves all the great questions that can interest man." His faith, the liveliness of which had been somewhat shaken by an indiscriminate perusal of modern literature during the latter part of his classical studies at Dijon, gave way entirely before the lectures of M. Cousin in the Ecole Normale at Paris, to which he was transferred in 1814, and the combined influences of flattery and ridicule with which his sceptical fellow students there assailed him. He describes the terrible struggle between "the eager curiosity which could not withdraw itself from the consideration of objections which were scattered like dust throughout the atmosphere that he breathed," and on the other hand the influences "of his childhood with its poetic impressions, his youth with its pious recollections, the majesty, antiquity, and authority of the faith which he had been taught, and the rising in revolt of the whole memory and imagination against the incursion of unbelief which wounded them so deeply." His faith was gone before he realised the loss: some time afterwards he thus painted the horrors of the discovery: "Never shall I forget that evening in December, when the veil that hid my unbelief from myself was rent. I still hear my footsteps in the bare narrow apartment, in which I continued walking long after the hour for sleep. I still see that moon half-veiled by clouds which at intervals lit up the cold window-panes. The hours of night glided by, and I took no note of them. I was anxiously following my train of thought, which descended from one stratum to another towards the depth of my consciousness, and scattering, one after another, all the illusions which had hitherto concealed it from me, made its outline every moment more visible. In vain did I try to cling to these residues of belief as a shipwrecked sailor to the fragments of his ship; in vain, alarmed at the unknown void in which I was about to be suspended, I threw myself back for the last time towards my childhood, my family, my country, all that was dear and sacred to me: the irresistible current of my thought was too strong. Parents, family, recollections, beliefs—it forced me to quit all. The analysis was continued with more obstinacy and more severity in proportion as it approached its term, and it did not pause till it had reached it. Then I was aware that in my inmost self there was no longer anything left standing. It was an appalling moment, and when, to-

wards morning, I threw myself exhausted on my bed, I seemed to see my former life, so smiling and so full, effaced, and another gloomy and desolate life opening behind me in which I was henceforth to live alone,—alone with my fatal thought which had just banished me thither, and which I was tempted to curse."

A few years after this crisis in Jouffroy's life, the same sort of catastrophe was experienced in a distant country by another highly-gifted soul, and wonderfully similar is the victim's description of it. Leopardi, the rival, in the opinion of many of his countrymen, of Tasso in poetry and of Galileo in philosophy, in whom a prodigious industry was united in rare combination to a subtle intellect and a refined imagination, who was reading Greek by himself at eight years old, and before he was nineteen was versed in several Oriental languages, was engaged in literary correspondence with Niebuhr, Boissonade, and Bunsen, and was the author of numerous translations from the Classics, a valuable translation of Porphyry on Plotinus, and an erudite historical essay in which there are citations from four hundred ancient authors,—had, like Jouffroy, prepared the way for his fall by an overweening confidence in his own great intellectual powers, and by a recklessly excessive devotion to study. To this was added the chafing of disappointed ambition, and irritation against his father for refusing to give him the means of leaving home. His ruin was completed by the conversation of Pietro Giordani, an apostate Benedictine monk, who soothed and condoled with him, flattered his vanity by telling him that "if Dante was the morning-star of Italy's sky, Leopardi was the evening-star," and succeeded in inoculating him with his own scepticism, which in himself was mere shallow impiety, but in the deeper mind of his pupil, led, if his writings can be trusted, to as hopelessly complete a disbelief of God, the soul, and immortality, as is possible for a human being to bring himself to endure. In a letter of March 6, 1820, to his friend and seducer, he says: "My window being open one of these evenings, while I was gazing on a pure sky and a beautiful moonlight, and listening to the distant barking of dogs, I seemed to see images of former times before me, and I felt a shock in my heart. I cried out, like a convict, begging pardon of nature, whose voice I seemed to hear. At that instant, as I cast a glance back on my former state, I stood, frozen with terror, unable to imagine how it would be possible to support life without fancies and without affections, without imagination and without enthusiasm,—in a word, without any thing of all that, a year ago, filled up my existence and made me still happy, notwithstanding my trials. Now I am withered up like a reed; no emotion finds an entrance any longer into my poor soul, and even the eternal and supreme

power of love is annihilated in me at my present age." He was but twenty-two then; and through the seventeen years that his shattered constitution lasted, he was ever speaking of life as an agony and a burden, sometimes proudly declaring that he would not bend under its weight, sometimes passionately asking for sympathy and love, but always recurring to this sad *refrain*: "The life of mortals, when youth has passed, is never tinged with any dawn. It is widowed to the end, and the grave is the only end to our night." "I comprehend, I know only one thing. Let others draw some profit from these vicissitudes and passing existences; it may be so, but for me life is an evil."

We have seen the account given by the French philosopher Jouffroy and the Italian poet Leopardi of their feelings on waking up to the knowledge that the faith of their childhood had passed away; let us compare one more such experience, that of the German Von Kleist. "For some time, my dear friend," he writes to the lady to whom he was affianced, "I have been employed in studying the philosophy of Kant, and I am bound to communicate to you a conclusion which I am sure will not affect you as deeply and as painfully as it has myself. It is this: we cannot be certain whether what we call truth is really the truth or only an appearance. In this last case, the truth that we sought after here below would be nothing at all after death; and it would be useless to try to acquire a treasure which it would be impossible to carry to the tomb. If this conclusion does not pierce your heart, do not laugh at a wretch whom it has deeply wounded in all that is most sacred to him. *My noble, my only aim has vanished, and I have none.* Since this conviction entered my mind, I have not touched my books. I have traversed my chamber, I have placed myself by an open window, I have run along the street. My interior disturbance has led me to visit smoking-rooms and cafés to get relief. I have been to the theatre and the concert to dissipate my mind. I have even played the fool. But in spite of all, in the midst of all this agitation, the one thought that occupied my whole soul, and filled it with anguish was this: your aim, your noble and only aim, has vanished." A few years of the repetition of this sorrowful wailing, and then, after writing to his sister, "You have done every thing to save me that the power of a sister could do, every thing that the power of man could do: the fact is, that nothing can help me here on earth," he escaped from doubt to pass before the Judgment-seat by his own hand.

We must give one more of the many recurring expressions of regret with which the volume abounds. We are inclined to regard Santa Rosa with even more profound compassion than the other vic-

tims, on account of the warm and tender piety of his earlier youth, and the absence in him of the arrogance and scorn that overflows in the others in the midst of their sufferings. All who knew him agreed that it was hardly possible to know him without loving him. Unfortunately, his struggles in the cause of Italy threw him into close association with many who had mistaken infidelity for liberty. Still more unfortunately, he contracted a close intimacy with M. Cousin, and soon began to love him more than truth and than God, and under the blighting influence of his teaching his own faith disappeared. M. Cousin has published his letters with frequent and large omissions, but there remains abundant evidence that he was always regretting the past. The following passage occurs after something omitted : "O my friend, how unfortunate we are in being only poor philosophers, for whom the continuance of existence after death is only a hope, an ardent desire, a fervent prayer ! Would that I had the virtues and the faith of my mother ! To reason is to doubt; to doubt is to suffer. Faith is a sort of miracle. When it is strong and genuine, what happiness it gives ! How often in my study I raise my eyes to heaven, and beg God to reveal me to myself, but above all, to grant me immortality !" Twice in his life—when in prison in Paris with the expectation of being given up to the scaffold, and again when beginning a serious philosophical work—he returned to a better mind. Whether time and grace to return once more were given him, behind the Greek battery in the isle of Sphacteria, where he fell fighting bravely, we cannot tell.

Besides the implicit homage to the faith involved in such regrets of the past as we have been witnessing, the writings of most of these philosophers and poets contain many testimonies to their involuntary acknowledgment of the claims of the revealed system which they had abandoned. We will cite only one, from a discourse of Jouffroy on his usual subject, the problem of the destiny of man : "There is a little book which children are made to learn, and on which they are questioned in church. Read this little book, which is called the Catechism; you will find in it an answer to all the questions that I have proposed—all without exception. Ask the Christian whence the human race comes, he knows; whether it is going, he knows. Ask this poor child, who has never in his life dreamed of it, to what end he exists here below, and what he will become after death; he will give you a sublime answer, which he will not comprehend, but which is not the less admirable. Ask him how the world was produced, and for what end; why God placed animals and plants in it; how the earth was peopled—whether by

one family or several; why men speak different languages; why they suffer; why they contend; what will be the end of it all,—he knows. The origin of the world, the origin of the human race, the question of races, the destiny of man in this life and in the other, the relation of man to God, the duties of man to his fellows, the rights of man over creation,—he is acquainted with all; and when he is grown up, he will be equally free from hesitation about natural rights, political rights, and the right of nations; for all this is the outcome and clear and spontaneous product of Christian doctrine. This is what I call a great religion; I recognise it by this sign of its not leaving unanswered any of the questions which interest humanity."

Edmond Schérer and Friedrich Schiller, as well as Lord Byron, differ from the other instances in never having known the true faith; but they show that the loss of a firm hold of those fragments of Christianity that are retained outside of the fold leads to something of the same result as the loss of the faith. The sketch of M. Schérer's life is very interesting, for it shows the inevitable result of Protestantism in a highly logical and reflective mind which refuses the alternative of submission to the Catholic Church. His installation in the chair of theology in the evangelical seminary of Geneva in 1844 was hailed as a triumph by all the devout adherents to the reformed religion, who looked to him as an invincible champion against the socinianism prevailing all around. He set himself to the work of proving the inspiration of Scripture without having recourse to the authority of the Catholic Church, and the result, after passing through various phases of sentimentalism and eclecticism, was to land him in such conclusions as that "the Bible has so little of a monopoly of inspiration, that there are writings not canonical the inspiration of which is much more evident than in some of the biblical writings;" and finally, that Protestantism and Catholicism, Christianity and Judaism, are only conceptions more or less exact of a common object and phases in a great movement of progressive spiritualisation; that morality itself is only relative; and that absolute certainty of any kind is a dream. He may well say, as he has lately said: "Alas, blind prisoners as we are, labouring at the overthrow of the past, we are engaged in a work which we do not understand. We yield to a power of which it seems at times that we are the victims as well as the instruments. The terrible logic whose formulas we wield crushes us, while we are crushing others with it."

The moral of these and other such histories—the moral of Froude and Francis Newman and Clough—is, that as God never made His

children for perplexity and anguish, He never made them for doubt, and must have provided a secure asylum from it, not in ignorance or thoughtlessness, but in a system of divinely guaranteed authority. The lesson from the Nemesis of doubt is the conclusion of Augustine Thierry : " I have need of an infallible authority, I have need of rest for my soul. I open my eyes, and I see one only authority, that of the Catholic Church. I believe what the Catholic Church teaches ; I receive her Credo."

φ.

The Three Maidens.

(*From the Greek Anthology.*)

Αἱ τρισσαὶ ποτε παῖδες ἐν ἀλλήλαισιν ἔπαιξον
κλήρῳ, τις προτέρη βῆσται εἰς Ἀΐδην·
καὶ τρίς μὲν χειρῶν ἔβαλον κιβόν, ηλθε δὲ πασῶν
ἔις μίαν· ἡ δὲ ἐγέλα κλῆρον ὄφειδόμενον.
ἐκ τέγεος δὲ ἦρ' ἀελπιτον ἀπωλισθησε πέσημα·
ἐνσμορον· ἐις δὲ Ἀΐδην ἤλθεν, ὥν ἔλαχεν.
ἀψευδῆς ὁ κλῆρος, ὅτῳ κακόν· ἐις δὲ τὸ λόγον
οὐτ' εἰνχαὶ θυητοῖς εὔστοχοι, οὐτε χέρες.

Latine.

Tres olim inter se talis lusere puellæ,
Quæ prior ad tristes esset itura deos;
Ter talos misere manu; sors semper eidem
Obtigit: infaustas risit at illa minas.
Risit: at a tecto mox præcipitata repente
Fatale explevit flebilis augurium.
Sic Fortuna fidem servat mala—prospera vero
Quam rarò assequimur sorte, labore, prece!

γ.

Messina and Catania.

ANY one who has not been himself a traveller, and who in the yearly exhibitions of pictures, whether of oil or water-colour, has stood entranced before the glowing colouring of a Stanfield or a Richardson, may well conceive the Mediterranean to be an exquisitely beautiful and peaceful lake—blue as azure by day, golden with phosphoric light at sunset, and perhaps still more lovely when the cold gray glimmer of moonlight tips the crest of each tiny wave, and throws dark sharp shadows athwart each tawny-coloured sail. Far different generally, however, are the recollections of those who have habitually, especially during the winter seasons, ploughed their way across this stormy sea. It justifies more than any other the epithet bestowed on it by the old French writer of “*élément traître*;” and from the smallness of the usual passenger-boats, and their insufficient accommodation, the sufferings of the unhappy passengers obtain but slender alleviation. So our travellers found, when fate led them in an evil hour to choose this means of locomotion from Palermo to Messina. It was, therefore, with very great joy that, on rounding the Point, they came at last in sight of the bright and glittering town, with its fine port and busy harbour, its ruined forts and beautiful background of mountains, above which (though at fifty miles’ distance) Etna towers with its snow-capped peak. The Faro Point stretches so far eastward as apparently to meet the opposite coast, while the long range of Appenines, with their bare and arid sides, give a picturesque character to the otherwise uninteresting Calabrian shores.

Leaving the servants to prepare their breakfast in the somewhat noisy hotel, our party went directly on landing to the cathedral. It is one of the few buildings which have escaped the terrible earthquakes which have desolated and overthrown the greater part of this ancient town. In truth, the position of the city, between Etna on the one hand and Stromboli and Vesuvius on the other, renders it peculiarly liable to these convulsions. The Messinians say that the cathedral was saved by the direct interposition of the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous picture by St. Luke hangs over the gorgeous high altar, which is a master-piece of inlaid work, and one of the finest known specimens of Florentine mosaic. At the back of the altar-screen is the famous letter supposed to have been written

by the Virgin herself to the Messinese after they had been converted by the preaching of St. Paul, assuring them of her favour and protection. The cathedral was built by the good Count Roger, and though much injured by subsequent restorations, still retains some interesting portions of the original work. Such are the vault of the tribune and of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, rich with mosaics, as at Monreale; the fine old granite pillars in the nave; the ancient font in white marble, surrounded by a broad band of mosaics; the lectern, resting on four lions; and a handsome jasper paschal candlestick.

The façade is in some respects like that of the cathedral of Siena, having broad bands of red and white marble, with mosaics between; and the Norman doors are singularly rich in carving and decoration. There is a beautiful bénitier, leading to the door of the sacristy, of early Norman date, resting on an inverted marble column, with pagan Greek inscriptions. The sagrario is rich in cinquecento church plate and relics. There are some very fine monuments, especially one to an old Greek Bishop, and another of a Spanish Archbishop of Cordova. Beneath the cathedral is the Norman crypt, with its low marble columns, Byzantine pictures, and groined roof. One of the ladies went behind the high altar to see if she could find the niche of the monk mentioned in the famous Messinian ghost story; but the carved woodwork of the choir has effectually covered up the supposed site of the apparition. To those of our readers who may not have known this legend it is here reproduced.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier ——, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the custode—for it was after Vespers—commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the door through which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The custode,

having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighbourhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had therefore no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Every thing was of marble except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar. The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice, "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed; and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier was sitting. As he passed, his eyes being naturally riveted on the figure, the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half-hour, the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; the same question was asked, and no answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked slowly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "*I will!*" He then walked up to the altar, where he found every thing prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion, the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night, in

vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do if I could for you in return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes; and one from which there was no return." He then told them that the night before, the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

Returning to their hotel, our travellers found the kind and obliging prefect, Count Z——, in waiting to show them the Marina, and its beautiful promenade, fine fountain, and gay groups of fishermen, and afterwards the church of St. Gregorio, on a rising ground above the town, from whence the view over the straits, city, and port is quite magnificent.

The Sisters of Charity have the care of the military hospital here, as at Palermo, and gave our travellers a beautiful Benediction service. To the children of St. Francis a very interesting little church in Messina is the Oratory of the Merchante, built in the sixteenth century. Its walls are covered with frescoes and paintings, illustrative of the saint's life; the large altar-piece, which represents his death, being looked upon as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Schidoni. The churches and university teem with pictures of the Messinese school, but they are rarely of any great merit. The following day saw our party *en route* for Catania. They had determined to have a long morning at Taormina, and so started directly after the six-o'clock Mass.

At Messina, as in Spain, it is the custom of all women to go *veiled*, and in black, to church. One of the English ladies, approaching the altar that morning in a bonnet, was gently told that she could not communicate without being in what was there considered the only suitable dress; which, luckily, she was able at once to adopt.

Passing through the Porta Ciera, and on through mulberry and vine-trellised slopes leading down to the beach, they came to Cape Scaletta, with its ruined watch-tower and picturesque rocks. The fine Benedictine monastery of St. Placido, built in the Italian style, is perched in a glen of the mountains above. From La Scaletta, crossing a ravine spanned by a picturesque bridge, the road winds round another headland, called Capo Grasso, marking, with the cape on the opposite coast, the entrance to the Straits of Messina. The whole scenery reminded the travellers strongly of the Corniche. Here lies the village of Ali, noted for its mineral baths, the resort of so many Sicilians during the summer months. Our party had two very light carriages, with four horses in each, so that they bowled rapidly along the beautiful road, and in a very short time found themselves at Cape St. Andrea, where a road branches off to the left, and winds up to Taormina. At the point of the headland they looked down on two romantic little bays, shut in by bold rocks of marble, which project into the sea, and are hollowed into large caverns, full of sea-birds, reminding them a little of Handa island. From every available niche and cranny of the fine cliffs of mica slate and marble which overhung the road, sprouted forth cactus and aloes and carouba, and a multitude of flowering plants. Leaving the main road, and following the steep path up the hill-side, the party, hot and breathless, arrived at last at the little church of St. Pancrazio, built on the ruins of a Greek temple, just outside the gate leading into the town. Taormina itself is a poor and dirty little place, but is perched in a glorious situation, on a rocky ledge overlooking the valleys below, surrounded by a Saracenic wall, with square towers at intervals, said to have been repaired by Charles V. There are still some very curious and interesting remains of the old Sicilio-Gothic palaces. Leaving their carriages at the miserable Locanda, which is the only attempt yet made to accommodate the many visitors to this beautiful spot, our travellers again pushed on, in spite of the burning sun, and toiling up a steep and rugged path, fringed with wild sweet roses and prickly pear, reached at last the famous theatre. It rests against the sides of a hill, the seats being hewn out of the rock, and is in perfect preservation. But its glory consists in the view, which exceeds

any thing in Europe: looking on the one hand on the beautiful line of coast and bright blue sea, and on the other on the mountain range, above which towers Etna, at that moment sending forth jets of fire and smoke, which towards evening shed a crimson glow over the whole surrounding country; while in the middle distance are gardens and orange-groves, and stone pines and cypresses, and picturesque villages and convents and churches, and a luxuriance of vegetation, and a brightness of colouring, and a clearness of atmosphere, which drive a painter to positive despair, from the sheer impossibility of reproducing, even in a faint degree, the intense beauty of the original. Well may Faber exclaim: "Sometimes in a beautiful climate we come upon a scene which, by its surpassing beauty, so satisfies mind, heart, and senses, that we sit entranced, taking it in without understanding it, and resting in the simple enjoyment of the sight. Thus, for a while a man may sit amid the folds of Etna, or on the marvellous mountain-shelf of Taormina, and look out upon the scene. Every thing that wood and water, rock and mountain, dazzling sky and translucent air can do, with the grand spirit of old history brooding over all, is there. It cannot be analysed or explained. We are taken in the nets of a beauty which masters us, and the sheer thought of it is a joy without thought for hours."

Our party spread their luncheon in the shade of some of the broken columns, and one of them tried to sketch, but threw away the result of the attempt in despair. They then visited the so-called Naumachia, of which only the Roman wall remains; and then with reluctance retraced their steps towards the old town. The cathedral has a fine Sicilio-Gothic doorway, with shafts of white marble and black lava, and fine dog-tooth mouldings. In the midst of the town rises an old Saracenic castle, with a chapel on the summit called La Madonna della Rocca. At the back of the castle rock is a picturesque old abbey, the windows of which are still filled with exquisite tracery. Determined to leave no part unseen, the more enterprising of the party resolved, in spite of the heat, to toil up to the little village of Mola, which is situated on a lofty peak overhanging the town. It was by this very track that Dionysius of Syracuse climbed up one winter night, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and surprised the garrison. From the portal of the old church of Mola, with its red marble pillars and round arches, the magnificent view fully repaid our travellers for the toil of the ascent.

Leaving Taormina, and descending once more to the high road, they came upon Capo Schiso and the village of Naxos, the first

Greek settlement in Sicily. Here the inhabitants, as in the village called Del Greco, near Palermo, still wear the Greek dress on high days and holidays, and speak the Greek tongue. On the beach close to this village is a fine statue of St. Pancrazio, the first Bishop of Sicily, ordained by St. Peter in the year 40, and called the Apostle of Sicily, as he first converted it to the Christian faith. Crossing a succession of rapid streams, fed by the snows of Etna, whose eruptions sounded day and night like the detonation of artillery, they drove through a region almost unequalled in fertility, and yielding grain and wine of all kinds in the greatest abundance. On the right was the famous stone pine and chestnut wood, of which the chestnut trees are the largest in the known world, being between 60 and 70 feet in circumference. After this the road enters on a waste of lava, the remains of former eruptions; the coast breaks into bold and rugged cliffs, which show where the fiery torrent has been checked by meeting the adverse element, which has worn them into grotesque forms and hollowed them—as in the Giants' Causeway or the island of Portland—into numerous caverns, supported by natural piers and columns, which it is hard to believe are not hewn by the hand of man. This kind of scenery continues up to the very gates of Catania, which town our travellers reached soon after dark.

Earthquakes and eruptions have combined to overthrow and destroy this bright and beautiful city; but nevertheless it always rises again from its ruins, and at this moment is one of the cleanest and gayest towns in Sicily, abounding in commerce and manufactures and with a very agreeable society. The Catanese have a proverb :

“Se Catania avesse porto,
Palermo sarebbe morto.”

Be that as it may, the glistening white houses against the dark lava beds which surround the city, and the many towers and palms which rise up against the bright blue sky, give it an Eastern appearance which is very striking, and which is heightened by the dress of the women, who wear the large manto of black silk, covering all of the face except the eyes, with bright-coloured petticoats, as at Cairo, and strings of coral or pearls.

The morning after their arrival found some of the party very early at the great church of the magnificent Benedictine convent, said to be the largest monastic building in Europe. The Superior, the Abbate D——, a man of high birth, first-rate ability, and singular personal holiness, received his English guests with the greatest kindness and hospitality. He is universally respected and beloved

in Catania, and the bishopric being vacant, many petitions have been forwarded to high quarters to beg that the choice of a successor to fill the see might fall on him. But well known as his merit is to the Pope and his ministers, the Italian Government have opposed his election, from his known devotion to the Holy See.

After Mass and Benediction were over, the latter being most beautifully sung, the Abbate requested the organist, Prince C—, to play something to his guests; with which request he instantly complied, and most good-naturedly went on for more than an hour with every description of music. It is difficult to conceive a more magnificent instrument, and it is, in fact, declared to be the finest in Europe, certainly exceeding those at Haarlem and at Friburg, both in the sweetness of its tone and its marvellous power. After hearing the organ, the Superior took them into the sacristy, where there is a fine picture by Novelli, of Tobias and the Angel. The relics are very valuable, especially one of the nails of the True Cross, which is preserved in an exquisite reliquary of the fifteenth century. From the sacristy, the party, by papal permission, visited the abbey, going through the cloisters and up a fine staircase to the corridors, opening out of which are the cells and refectories. But the glory of the monastery is its garden, with its terraces and fountains, its myrtles and oleanders, its orange-trees and cypresses, and its exquisite and varied flowers. Well may they dread the passing of the law which will turn them out of this earthly paradise! The monks are all of noble families, and do not exceed fifty in number. They have a museum, chiefly of Sicilian antiquities and natural products, and a magnificent library, containing many most beautiful MSS., and including a very curious copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, a Psalter of the thirteenth century, a fine illustrated Dante, and a beautifully illuminated Bible of the fifteenth century, besides some wonderful Breviaries and martyrologies. The Abbate then kindly entertained his guests at breakfast in his own charming rooms, where he receives audiences and virtually transacts most of the diocesan business.

From the convent he good-naturedly undertook to escort our party to the Santo Carcere, or prison where St. Agatha was confined, and finally martyred. The church has nothing remarkable in it but a fine Norman portal, which was originally brought from the cathedral. The cell of the martyr is enclosed in a little chapel to the right of the high altar. St. Agatha was tortured at fifteen, in the time of the Decian persecution, by order of the Prefect, who wished to marry her. Enraged at her constancy, he caused her breasts to be cut off. But God healed her wounds in the prison, and the inhuman judge, untouched by the miracle, then caused her

to be laid on a gridiron and consumed by a slow fire, under which torment she expired. The exact spot of her sufferings and death is pointed out. From thence the Abbate took our travellers to see the church and convent of St. Placida, a very beautiful Benedictine convent, where the nuns received them most kindly, giving them ices and fruit, and showing them all the treasures of their house. The cathedral is uninteresting, badly kept and badly served. Built by Count Roger, it has been almost entirely destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, and contains now nothing worth looking at but the relics of St. Agatha, which are kept in a silver shrine in a side chapel dedicated to the saint; and which are carried in procession on the day of her martyrdom.

Our travellers next visited the Museo Biscari, which contains the largest known collection of Sicilian antiquities, and some very beautiful statues and terra-cotta vases. Catania still boasts of the remains of a very fine amphitheatre, theatre, and baths, although nearly buried by successive earthquakes. After Benediction at the cathedral, the evening was spent listening to a very good military band, under the kind chaperonage of their German friend, Colonel E.—to whom they had brought letters of introduction—and sitting eating ices in the Piazza del Duomo, which has a European reputation. In the centre is the famous fountain of the elephant, the device of Catania, and on its back rises an obelisk, evidently of Egyptian origin, supposed to have been brought by the Crusaders from the East. This piazza is in the centre of the town, and from the streets which radiate from it the views are equally beautiful on all sides.

Some English friends having arrived the following day in their yacht, tempted the party to go down to the port, which is small, and can only contain vessels of small tonnage. It is picturesquely overhung by old walls and gates, said to have been constructed by Charles V. The quay has been turned into a promenade, with avenues of acacia and seats of marble; a very pleasant evening lounge for those who have been toiling all day in the intense heat of the centre of the town. The Prince and Princess R—— also arrived that day with the last news from Rome, and agreed to accompany our party to Nicolosi, where, by the advice of the Prefect, they had settled to go that afternoon in order to make arrangements for the ascent of Etna.

French Criticism on America.

LORD STANLEY is reported to have said lately, that Englishmen and Americans treat one another with the familiar plainness which characterises the intercourse between near relations, who think little of expressing their opinion, when it happens to be unfavourable, in a manner which, if used to strangers, would be rude and uncourteous. We fear, at all events, that the style of criticism which gave occasion to this explanation has long been too prevalent. It is really a sign of inferior breeding to be rude and too plain-spoken even to our nearest relatives : and in the case of England and America there is, on one side at least, an amount of sensitiveness which makes the poisoned shafts of sarcasm and unkind ridicule doubly dangerous. Possibly, this may die away with time. It may fall off from the character of our American cousins as they grow still greater and more important among the nations of the world, and have more and more brilliant achievements of their own to point to in every department of human thought and action. It may also be supposed that the English writers who, as was the fashion till quite lately, selected so large a proportion of the instances of vulgarity and ill-breeding that met their eyes in the course of their travels as entertainment for their friends at home, had little idea of the wound which they were so carelessly inflicting upon the American community in general, so unfairly made responsible for whatever happened to jar upon the nerves of the most superficial of observers, or to appear to them a good subject for racy animadversion in the books they were concocting for the market at home. Still it is very much to be regretted that the Americans, who of all people in the world, perhaps, value at the highest rate the good opinion of Englishmen, should so often have had reason to feel themselves insulted and despised—more especially when the points of character which were most commonly made the subjects of ridicule or abuse, were precisely those which had a certain foundation in the Anglo-Saxon nature. The figures that we were asked to laugh or to sneer at were, after all, nothing but tall lanky shadows of our own most respectable selves. Perhaps it was just that which made us so severe : we could not afford to forgive faults which were so like our own.

On the other hand, America has always had a sort of attraction for philosophic and cultivated Frenchmen. The name of the great de Tocqueville will rise to every mind in connection with democracy in America. But it is one thing to write about political institutions and their possible development, and quite another to mix freely in society such as that in America, to travel in its railway cars and steamboats, lodge in its hotels, and be knocked about in its crowds. A Frenchman may well be supposed to be as refined, as fastidious, as sensitive in the presence of bad taste, pretentiousness, vulgarity, and rudeness as any true born-Briton that ever breathed. Many things which an Englishman might pass over as familiar to his own ideas of propriety and etiquette, would still shock and annoy a visitor from the other side of the Channel. Notwithstanding all these and other considerations, it is certain that Frenchmen can write with tolerance, respect, and even admiration, not only of American institutions, which is not wonderful, but, what is more surprising, of American manners. The Parisian can put up with that at which the Londoner or the Manchester man sneers: and we cannot but feel that he is not only more impartial in forming his judgments, but has also a better claim to be appealed to as a judge.

We have now before us two not very large volumes, the substance of which, we believe, appeared in successive numbers of a French Review before its publication in the present form. The author, M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne, spent eight months in the United States and Canada between June 1864 and February 1865. These eight months contained the very crisis of the late war: the last Confederate invasion of Maryland, the "great march" of Sherman through Georgia, and the consequent fall of Savannah and the other towns along the coast, and some of the closing operations round Petersburg and Richmond, with Butler's repulse before Fort Fisher, were the military incidents of the time, the excitement and strain of which was further heightened by the Presidential election and the abortive negotiations for peace so unwisely broken off by the Confederates. M. Duvergier de Hauranne left America before the actual close of the war, though not before it was already evident that resistance could not be protracted much longer. It is obvious that he saw the Northern States, in one sense, under great disadvantage: at a time when the abnormal state of affairs had dislocated the political machinery of the Republic, or had at all events set into operation new and strange forces. Society too, it might have been expected, would have been disturbed, and many of its most disagreeable elements brought to the surface. The States were passing through a trial of fire, and many a prophet, at least in Europe, predicted that

they would never emerge from it without the loss both of credit and of liberty. It is interesting at the present time to turn back to these letters of an acute observer, who had very good opportunities of seeing whatever he wished—though we suppose that in America there is seldom much that may not be easily seen. The book makes no claim to philosophy or to completeness in its account of the manners and institutions of the States. It is not, on the other hand, a mere journal, for the author gives us without stint his reflections, and conclusions. In these he is always sensible, and never tedious.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne is no blind admirer of American manners. He is quite sensitive enough in his perception of roughness and bad taste: but he discerns also the independence and energy of character, the plain simplicity and straightforwardness which form the real foundation of so much that is grotesque and startling. To begin with externals, he has no mercy—how could it be expected?—on the bad taste in dress which frequently met his eye. Here, however, we are at a loss how to do justice to him, except by quoting his own words. Speaking of the mixture of French and English in Canada, he politely allows us a supremacy in many things. “Partout où les deux races seront en concurrence, *excepté sur les champs de bataille*, nous aurons difficilement l'avantage.” We must return the compliment by saying that we feel that the English language fails completely in rendering the piquancy of the French when there is a question about dress, and—we may perhaps add—cookery. Here is M. de Hauranne's criticism on American costume, in his own untranslateable vernacular:

“J'ai la superstition de l'habit: je l'avoue, et je n'en rongis point, car, à tout prendre, l'habit fait partie des manières, et M. Emerson a bien raison de dire qu'il faut, pour savoir s'en passer, une rare distinction naturelle. J'en fais donc une règle impérieuse, que des hommes supérieurs peuvent seuls transgresser impunément. De grandes manières peuvent donner du bon ton à une veste de paysan; mais quand je vois une figure déjà commune affublée de gros souliers cirés, d'un gros pantalon de couleur, et d'un paletot-sac fait d'une couverture d'écume—quand je vois ces dames de l'Ouest vêtues des couleurs les plus voyantes et les plus écarlates, cachant mal un reste de la friperie souillée qu'elles ont trainée le matin dans les rues—leurs robes décolletées en carré, leurs poitrines gauchement rembourrées de coton, leurs corsages montant sans manches, avec des boutefêtes aux épaules et les bras nus, leurs *waterfalls* ou cascades de fausses boucles, surmontées d'un panier de coquelicots ou de pivoines—quand je vois les élégants eux-mêmes avec leurs gilets boutonnés jusqu'au menton, leurs cravates bleues ou brunes, leurs gants de toutes les nuances de l'arc-en-ciel, au milieu de cette anar-

chie des couleurs et des formes, je regrette l'uniforme insignifiant des modes européennes, et je leur souhaiterais à tous un peu plus de vernis sur leur rude écorce. Je vous entendez dire que me voilà devenir perruquier et couturière, et qu'il ne faut pas juger d'une société par l'extérieur. Je conviens volontiers que la gaucherie des modes américaines n'est pas une condamnation de la démocratie : mais soyez sûr que dans ces menus détails il se traduit quelque chose de la nature intimé et de l'esprit des sociétés" (t. ii. p. 276).

He goes on to remark that in a late notice on Mr. Everett, a New York paper had said that his artistic feeling and his taste for beauty had been perceptible even in his clothes : but that he himself had always seen him dressed quite simply, in the European style. " Si les délicats nous imitent naturellement dans ces petites choses, n'est-ce pas qu'elles sont le signe d'une supériorité intellectuelle et d'une sens esthétique plus fin et plus juste ? Je mets en fait qu'il n'y a pas un gamin de Paris qui n'en remontrat, en fait d'art, aux neuf-dixièmes de ces Américains, si admirables à leur manière, et si dignes d'envie." This outburst of " Parisianism" is occasioned by the non-descript crowd of human beings whom M. Duvergier de Hauranne met at Washington. Washington, he tells us, may some day be a London in point of superior society, but it can never be a Paris to America. Paris contains twenty different " societies," and absorbs to itself the whole country. In London there is but one society, brought together for the single object of politics. Outside this narrow circle, London is but a provincial town, a colossal mixture of a large Manchester and a large Liverpool. " If the réunions du beau monde" at Washington can be compared to any thing, it is to an English rout. There is the same monotony, the same crowding and crushing in houses too small for the purpose, which are but lodgings for the season,—every thing is the same, in fact,—*sauf l'élegance irréprochable et la raideur flegmatique*. After all, therefore,—whatever M. de Hauranne might say of English dress in comparison to that of America,—we have not, in his judgment, much advantage over our transatlantic relations.

To pass from dress to the somewhat kindred though more important subject of politeness and courtesy, M. de Hauranne is indulgent and good-humoured where other travellers would perhaps have been indignant and sarcastic. One of the most amusing passages in his volumes is that which gives a description of his adventures in Wisconsin, one of the Western States, where he had to endure miseries of all kinds in a railway-train filled with German-Americans and emigrants. He unwittingly takes his place before the train starts in an empty carriage : he is soon invaded, overwhelmed, suffocated by a mass of dirty and beery humanity. The guard passes " et me

repousse brutalement les jambes." The atmosphere becomes fetid, and the windows cannot be opened. He tries to get into the privileged carriage reserved for the "ladies" and their friends: here again "le conducteur me repoussa grossièrement d'un coup de coude dans l'estomac." At last he took his place on the steps, at the door of the "sewer," as he naïvely calls the carriage he had first entered. After some time, the guard took pity on him, "avec un air de supériorité protectrice," tapped him on the shoulder, and took him into the ladies' carriage. There, however, his bliss was short. A lady entered, and claimed the seat he was occupying: there she stood without saying a word, his neighbour gave him a nudge, he rose, and she sat down without a word of thanks. "Voilà," says M. de Hauranne, "les bonnes habitudes des femmes américaines! La première venue vous dépouille avec cet air d'insolence hautaine que donne l'exercice d'un privilége incontesté." He is no enemy, he tells us, to politeness, especially towards ladies: but he likes his concessions to be voluntary. But, after all, he was in a ladies' carriage.

Elsewhere he quotes the anecdote told by M. Ampère, of the driver who asked where the *man* was who had hired the vehicle which he was the *gentleman* appointed to drive, and he adds a number of incidents of the same kind from his own experience. They certainly do not go beyond the rudeness that he might have met with in railway-carriages or omnibuses among ourselves. He allows also that in Americans all this roughness is redeemed by their cordiality and readiness to oblige. Here, however, he is again most amusing with his side-blows at England. He says, very truly indeed, that perhaps he insists on this point of politeness from a slight touch of national vanity: "la politesse étant, à vrai dire, le seul point du caractère français où nous gardions encore une incontestable supériorité." (The French, therefore, are not only superior on the field of battle?) "Well-educated Americans who come to France are charmed with the universal courtesy that there reigns. *In England society is divided into two classes, the insolent, and the humble: we alone have the privilege of being at once a democratic and a polished people.*" "Tandis qu'en Angleterre l'homme riche ou titré répond *man* ou *fellow* à l'homme du peuple qui lui parle chapeau bas ou courbé, tandis qu'en Amérique le dernier goujat vous traite comme un camarade. nous savons, nous autres, grands et petits, trouver dans nos manières la mesure de la convenance." He adds, somewhat pathetically, that his own countrymen have not so many virtues as to be able to give up any that they have. Though we are certainly not able to recognise ourselves in the description given of us by M.

de Hauranne, we may at least learn from his criticism not to be too severe on others.

Our author is rather severe on the veneration of the Americans for every thing that possesses the shadow of a title to be considered aristocratic. They are "new men" themselves, he tells us (vol. i. p. 113). They have made their own fortunes, and have attained a position perhaps one generation back, and so they respect superstitiously any thing that has a certain number of years of existence. "Fifty years ago" is the night of antiquity to them. Families older than the nineteenth century are antediluvian, and venerated accordingly. He gives a hint which may be worth taking to certain old gentlemen. "*Un Européen titré, fut-il vieux et ruiné, a encore chance de trouver femme en Amérique.*" A stranger has only to let things take their course to be dubbed count or marquis. His brother took an old watch out of his pocket with a coat-of-arms upon it, when on board the Arabia, and became at once M. le Marquis de Q. Our author himself had to resign himself to the character of "the French count." It would appear that there is not only an admiration for aristocracy, but an affectation of it. One of the ways in which this shows or showed itself, is abstention from public affairs—of which we may speak again presently. "I saw at Washington a rich democrat whose wife was the daughter of an Irish peasant, who landed no long time ago on the quay at New York in extreme poverty. This lady shrugged her shoulders at the 'woodcutter President.' She pointed at the blacks with disdain—most unreasonably, remarks our author, for they do great service to the upstarts who are ambitious of privileges of race, by bringing out into strong relief the nobility of a white skin.

M. de Hauranne is of course struck with those social and domestic developments of the principle of personal independence on which other travellers have been so hard. The courtesy exacted for ladies gives them sometimes a freedom and power of domineering which seems somewhat unfeminine, and of which in particular instances an unfair advantage may be taken. M. de Hauranne considers that the American ladies are often better educated and more cultivated than the men: indeed he complains gently of having been occasionally entertained with lectures or essays on social or political subjects which sounded rather harsh from the lips of a woman. He mentions, of course, the great freedom allowed to the youth of both sexes in arranging their own amusements and order of life without the interference of their parents, the comparative absence of home feeling, the early disruption of family ties. All these things, and others like them, are on the surface of the American system of society; and

we must remember that in these and other matters, Christian feeling and even natural gentleness and refinement of character may make the system better in its actual workings than it appears in theory.

We must say a few words of the reflections on political matters which fill a large space in M. de Haurnane's volumes. He is a hearty admirer of democracy as such, though he appreciates very highly those legacies of courtesy, mutual consideration, the nicely adjusted gradations of classes, exquisite cultivation and elevation of manners, which have come down to modern society from other systems. Thus he finds himself quite at home among the French Canadians, who pique themselves upon having preserved to a certain degree the old manners of France before the Revolution, and whom he compares to the society to be found in some of the retired provincial towns in that country. He gives us with real pleasure a glimpse of a phase of manners which will probably too soon die out altogether.* These aristocratic sympathies do not unfit him for entering intelligently into the full-blown democracy of America, which was being put to so severe a test when he was writing the letters of which this book is composed. He gives a striking account of the operation of the system of parties. This system, which is almost a part of the British Constitution, is far more developed on the other side of the Atlantic than among ourselves. Theoretically, it is difficult to account for the immense importance attached to it in both countries. We are apt to ask ourselves, why two great noblemen whose estates are contiguous, whose families are intimate with one another and often related by marriage, who cooperate in a great number of works of practical beneficence and public utility for the advantage of their neighbours and dependents, must always be opposed to one another when the time for the county election comes round, and can never sit side by side in the same Cabinet.

* He says: "I like better (than the Canadian society which imitates English fashions) the *bonhomie* of the old French-Canadian society—it resembles our provincial communities in the most retired and patriarchal of our towns, where people think little of serious matters, and are occupied only in diverting themselves, and that only after the fashion of the good old times. Thus in the balls of the Catholic world *fast dances*, as "*les danses tournantes*" are alarmingly called, are rigorously prohibited. Quadrilles alone are danced from nine at night to two in the morning, yet with a zest, a devotion, an air of happiness which cannot be described." Young and old, he tells us, mix in these dances: grandmothers dancing with their grandchildren, no one is too old or too grave to join in the fun. The suppers are simply apples and beer. The proscription of "*les danses tournantes*" prevails also in the Southern States, except when the partners are very near relations.

Or again, we are inclined to ask why, because some Foreign Secretary makes a mess of his policy by officious interference with the affairs of other nations, or because the House of Commons quarrels with the Irish measures of a Government, we are therefore to lose the services of some admirable financier as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or of some first-rate administrator at the Home Office, or of some unequalled Judge as Lord Chancellor? Why must every one belong to one of two great parties, why must he always vote with his party, stand with it, and fall with it? and why is it considered a sort of treason to desert it for another?

Among ourselves, the line of principle which divides the two great parties is usually faint indeed, and yet their organisation is as complete and their discipline as exacting as ever. They divide neighbours and friends from one another, they have their own clubs and reviews and newspapers, their great houses where social influences are freely used for political purposes, their patronage, their funds to help on less opulent candidates, their ramifications spreading over the whole country, by means of which their presence is felt every where, and they confront one another in every town and almost in every village. It is impossible not to see that the whole nation is divided into two "sides" as in a game, that the two parties will often oppose one another when there is scarcely a shade of difference between them, and that the public service sometimes suffers the inconvenience of losing the right man from the right place just at some critical moment, and is always supplied by only half the intellectual strength of the country. In England, the advantages of the party system, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, are very great: because it divides the country on issues which are not vital, instead of matters of principle, and by so doing, prevents that greatest of all dangers, which it is always the aim of the most unscrupulous and reckless demagogues to bring on—the war of class against class, or as it may sometimes be, race against race, or creed against creed. In a social and political sense, those who raise this cry are the truest enemies of their country, and deserve to be dealt with as traitors. It may very well be that the system of parties, which has hitherto preserved England from this evil, may often on the other hand act disadvantageously with regard to the efficiency of administration or a high-minded and consistent foreign policy. There is really no reason in the nature of things why Chancellors of the Exchequer, Home Secretaries, or Presidents of the Poor-law Board should go out of office on account of parliamentary conflicts any more than her Majesty's Judges.

In America the party system is far more powerful than with

ourselves, and its organisation looks at a distance like a simple tyranny. Yet M. de Hauranne does not hesitate to attribute to it the preservation of the American democracy. He considers the ready obedience paid to the "Conventions" which fix the politics of the parties and determine their candidates, to be a sign of the political intelligence of the nation. America, he says, has nothing to fear from the secret dangers which underlie the fair surface of those European communities in which administrative centralisation has been carried to its highest perfection, and where the organs of opinion are under the control of the Government. In these cases the daily political life of the nation is one of profound quiet, but it is liable to be interrupted from time to time by convulsions that are as destructive as earthquakes. In America, public life runs on day after day in excitement and conflict: but there is no element of possible confusion which is not provided with its safety-valve. This, however, could not be, in a society spread over a territory so immense and with the principle of local self-government so largely developed, but for the organisation of the parties, which link together the activity of the most distant States, and thus furnish a real system of centralisation which contributes powerfully to the political energy of the nation as well as to its unity. "Peu importe que la constitution des Etats-Unis laisse à l'Etat d'Illinois ou du Missouri une grande partie de son indépendance souvraine, qu'elle lui concède même, si l'on veut, le droit absurde de la sécession, si les mêmes idées, les mêmes passions animent les républicains de l'Iowa et ceux du Maine, si les démocrates de l'Ohio obéissent à la même direction politique que les démocrates de New York. Rien ne donne au peuple l'esprit conservateur comme l'habitude de voir souvent le gouvernement descendre sur la place publique."

We have already alluded to that abstention from public affairs and political action which seems unfortunately to prevail among the more educated and refined classes of American society. M. de Hauranne does not scruple to point this out as the great danger of the democracy. He cannot understand it in the active vigorous life of the United States, and considers it a bad sign when influential and enlightened men take no part in the concerns of a free country. Unfortunately, the same phenomenon meets us elsewhere; even when the most important interests of the Church and religion are at stake, it is very difficult to prevail on high-minded but indolent men to exert themselves on the right side. In America, he tells us, the evil is confessed and deplored. "Politics are left to intriguers and inferior men, and it is even thought a distinction and a virtue to take no part in them. In general, therefore, with some brilliant

exceptions, they fall into the hands of an obscure class of men, of no weight and no fortune, who make a trade of them. The men who have a name and a fortune already do not like, they tell us, to compromise them by exposing them to the hazards of popularity. Parties change every day, and it is not the party that follows its chiefs, but the chiefs that are dragged along after the party. That is possible : but the secret of their inaction is much more truly to be looked for in that selfish egoism which always develops itself in the midst of classes that have won their own position, and which makes them dread above all things the charges of liberty."

We ought to say a few words in parting on the scanty notices to be gathered from M. de Hauranne's volume on religious subjects. He is not one of those travellers who seek out information of this kind for themselves. He notices with admiration the readiness with which the call of the late Archbishop of New York on his flock for money with which to build his Cathedral was responded to, and when he speaks of the Canadian Indians, he pays a high tribute of respect to the religious missionaries who first converted them to Christianity, and whose influence is still so great with them. Here, however, we must demur to his assertion that undue concessions were made to the barbarous habits of the Indians, and that the priests exercised a "sort of royalty" over the tribes. These are long-exploded fables. We must also demur to a statement made by M. de Hauranne, that *all* the religious bodies in the United States were broken into two parts by the late war of Secession. This assertion was true (for a time only) of the Episcopalians, and it may perhaps be still true of many of the sects. It was never true in any sense of the Catholic body. Individuals may have sympathised with the one side or with the other, but there was never for a single moment the slightest approach to a disruption of unity.

The Story of Alexandrine.

PART I.

ON Saturday night, June 4th, 1836—the night before the Sunday on which, according to the present custom in France, the feast of Corpus Christi was to be celebrated—a sick-room in the Rue Madame at Paris was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with the members of a family, one of whom was lying there at the point of death. An altar had been raised opposite the bed of the invalid, a crucifix and candles placed upon it, with every thing necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. It was to be, as was thought, the last communion of the young man who lay there, patiently expecting his release. But the altar was decorated with flowers, as for a feast: its hangings were made up of bright and rich stuffs, unused parts of a bridal trousseau: and one of the party, who took her place by the side of the dying man, was dressed in white, with a wedding-veil upon her head. Was a marriage to be celebrated at this strange time? and were death and life to be united in the young pair whose hands were linked together, as they waited for the hour of midnight, at which the sacrifice was to begin?

The young man on the bed was Albert de la Ferronays, and the lady in white was his wife, Alexandrine d'Alopeus, who had a few days before been received into the Catholic Church by the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu, and was now to make her first communion at the same time that her husband made his last. As it was impossible for him to go with her to church, leave had been given for the celebration of Mass in his chamber: and, that her first communion might still be a feast, and not clouded by the circumstance that her husband received the Blessed Sacrament in the form of *viaticum*, midnight was allowed for the hour of the celebration, that he might be able to receive fasting in the usual way. They had been married little more than two years: ten days after their marriage the young husband had begun to spit blood, and from that time the anxiety as to his health had been continual. They had passed from Sorrento to Pisa, from Pisa southwards again to Naples, from Naples they had taken a long voyage to Constantinople and Odessa, it having been thought that the sea air was likely to strengthen the invalid. At Korsen, in the south of Russia, the magnificent palace of Prince Laponkhyn, stepfather of Alexandrine, Albert had been again violently attacked; and the word "*widow*," which had struck the eyes of his wife as she opened her New Testament, had shot into her heart for the first time as containing a melancholy prophecy for herself. This had been about ten months before that midnight Mass of which we are speaking. They had travelled by land to Venice, and the early part of the win-

ter had passed without any serious increase of alarm. But in the middle of January 1836 Albert had injured himself by a walk on the moist sand of the Lido, and from that time a gradual change for the worse set in. Early in March, he was so ill as to receive the last Sacraments : in April, his parents, brother, and sisters hastened from France, to be present, as it seemed, at his deathbed : but he rallied sufficiently to be removed by slow stages to Paris, where he breathed his last a few weeks after the touching ceremony of his wife's first communion.

The character of this lady, her gradual conversion to Catholicism, the wonderful resignation under the stunning blow of her bereavement which was the first-fruits of her new faith, the history of the few years of widowhood during which she mourned her husband, constitute to our minds the chief though not the only charm of one of the most interesting books which it has been our lot lately to meet with—the *Récit d'une Sœur* of Mrs. Augustus Craven. Mrs. Craven is herself a de la Ferronays : one of the sisters of the Albert of whose early death we have been speaking. From the journals and letters of her sisters and other relatives now no longer alive, she has put together a family history far more entertaining than most novels, setting before us a number of characters that write themselves at once on our minds not only as true and genuine, but as thoroughly noble and Christian, and carrying us on, without the aid of a formal plot, from one scene of interest to another till the very end. It is true that the interest is chiefly personal, and that there is sometimes a lingering over details which have more attraction to a sister of the persons in the story than to strangers. But on the whole, few of Mrs. Craven's readers will charge her with undue prolixity, while all will enter cordially into her admiration for those with whose posthumous remains she deals. It is certainly a bold and unusual step to take the world at large into our family circle, and relate unreservedly the history of its members. We can only say, that whenever this is done, we trust it may be done with the judgment and delicacy which distinguish the volumes before us, and that the characters to whom we are introduced may be as interesting and engaging.

The story of Alexandrine d'Alopeus de la Ferronays is, as we have said, the brightest thread in that skein of personal histories of which her sister-in-law's book is composed. Alexandrine was born in 1808. Her father was a Swedish Count, for a long time Minister of Russia at the Court of Berlin. He married a German lady, Joanna de Wenkstein, of great amiability and beauty, which remained unimpaired long after her children were grown up. Alexandrine, so called after her godfather, the Emperor Alexander, was born at St. Petersburg, and brought up in Russia and Germany. Her acquaintance with the family of de la Ferronays, into which she was to marry, began at St. Petersburg, where the Comte de la Ferronays was for some years Ambassador of France. The Comte, as well as his wife, belonged to one of the noble families of the royalist emigration. They had been married in 1802 in Carinthia, where

the army of Condé, in which the fathers of both were serving, was then established in cantonments. M. de la Ferronays returned to France from Russia in time to join the ministry of Charles X. in 1828 : in the following year he was obliged to seek for health in Italy, and the Revolution of 1830 found him in that country as the Ambassador of France to the Holy See. He resigned his post at once : and remained with his family at Naples. It was a serious loss to them in every way, for not only did they sacrifice position and influence, but their means, though not actually slender, were yet not such as to make them able to continue the style of living to which they had been accustomed as the family of an Ambassador.

The members of this family become gradually known to us as the story proceeds. The second son, Albert, naturally fills the greatest space in the first volume, which contains the account of his meeting with Alexandrine, their attachment, the difficulties placed in their way, their marriage, and the two years which passed between their union and the death of Albert. The meeting between the two took place at Rome in the opening weeks of 1832. Albert was at that time full of religious feeling. He had found himself in the previous summer drifting into dissipation and neglect of duty, under the soft influences of the climate and society of Naples. He had roused himself to make a tour among the sanctuaries of Tuscany with a friend —M. Rio, well known afterwards to the readers of the Catholic literature of France—and had ended it by a retreat at Florence, in which he had adopted a method of regular life from which he never afterwards departed. At Florence he had fallen in with M. de Montalembert, then on his way to Rome about the affair of the *Avenir*, and a friendship had sprung up between them which increased continually in intimacy, till it was ended by the death of Albert. M. de Montalembert became acquainted with Alexandrine about the same time as her future husband, and his name and his letters appear very often in both the volumes of Mrs. Craven.

After the death of her husband in 1836, Alexandrine put together, from her own remembrances, and the journals and letters of Albert and others, what she called her *Histoire*. The earlier part of Mrs. Craven's narrative is drawn from this, and it is scarcely possible further to abridge it. Its incidents are not very different in kind from those which ordinarily make up the history of the dawning attachment and engagement of two young persons. There is the first meeting, religiously remembered afterwards: meaning words dropped on the steps of churches or in the gardens of villas at Rome: the first *billet*, in which Alexandrine, at the request of M. Rio, implored Albert to see a doctor and take care of his health “au nom de sa famille et *de nous aussi*,” and a whole series of details of the same import. After Easter, the family of de la Ferronays went to Naples, and the Comtesse d'Alopeus, the mother of Alexandrine, “non sans mille incertitudes et mille projets différents,” decided to pass the summer in a villa near to theirs. This lady had then been for a short time a widow, and was followed to Naples by Prince Laponkhyn, who had come from Russia to ask her hand. They

were afterwards married, some time before her daughter and Albert. As to the latter couple, the course of their true love ran on under the delightful sky of Naples with no extraordinary departure from its proverbial vicissitudes. We have the letters of Albert to M. de Montalembert giving an account of his growing passion: then the lady confides to him a journal of her own, containing among other things an account of an attachment into which she had been drawn a year before at Berlin, as to which she seems to have been disappointed, and as to which, of course, he is filled with the tenderest sympathy. It would appear that he also had been in love with some one else before he met her. Albert does not seem to have made much of a secret of his feelings, although he writes to his friend as if there were no hope of the marriage, even if his affections were returned, on account of his want of fortune. His father's abandonment of the diplomatic career after the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons had, as we have said, reduced his income considerably. Alexandrine, whose nature seems to have been scrupulously averse to concealment of any kind, lent him another little book containing her most secret thoughts: some pages at the end were fastened together, and he was made to promise that he would not break the fastening. He was unable, however, to master his own curiosity, and, reading on, he found out that he was loved in return. Alexandrine was angry with him when he confessed his treason, but, as M. de Montalembert told him in a letter, the anger could not have been very lively or very deep—"on ne met pas une feuille de papier entre l'homme et son bonheur, quand on ne vent pas qu'il s'en doute." This was in the September after they had first met. The young people seem to have been left to form their own plans, or at least to mature their own wishes, as to their future, rather more in the English style than is customary on the Continent. Madame d'Alopeus seems to have encouraged Albert, and his own parents do not appear to have interfered. A chance quarrel at a ball between Albert and another gentleman, which was nearly issuing in a duel, made evident to every body the depth of affection with which he was regarded by Alexandrine, who divined the state of things, and was unable to control her tears. At last M. de la Ferronays thought it best to test the sincerity of the attachment by sending his son away for some months. He went in exile to Rome in November, and was allowed to return to Naples, where both families were residing, at the beginning of 1833. Still, however, though the love-making continued with full force, no decisive arrangements were made. In the spring the two families separated: Madame d'Alopeus and her daughter went by Rome into Germany, the de la Ferronays, some to France, others to Rome. Albert had a violent attack of fever at Civita Vecchia, and was for some time in imminent danger of death; Alexandrine, who was obliged to leave Rome before it was possible to move him, had to undergo all the anguish of hearing at a distance of his gradual recovery. There was a gleam of hope that he might be sent to the baths of Ems to recruit, where he would have been near enough to Madame d'Alopeus and her daughter at Kissingen; but it seemed

that the change was not necessary for him, and he went from Civita Vecchia to Rome, and from Rome back again to Castellamare. During this summer and the ensuing autumn clouds gathered heavily over the prospects of the young pair. In Germany Madame d'Alopeus was brought into constant intercourse with her own family friends, who were all adverse to the marriage of her daughter with a Catholic, a Frenchman, and one moreover who, as it was said, had no "career" to look forward to. Both she and Alexandrine were plied with argument after argument to this purpose, and at last the mother wrote to M. de la Ferronays to put an end to the matter. Still, however, there was the prospect of meeting in Italy in the winter. Madame d'Alopeus came to Florence with her daughter in October, and was married there at the end of that month to Prince Laponkhyn. Alexandrine herself fell ill, partly from her anxiety about the future, partly from having swallowed some opium given her to be applied to an aching tooth. On her recovery, the party proceeded southwards, and in November reached Naples, where the de la Ferronays were already settled for the winter. There, as is natural, the negotiations began again, and at last it was decided that Albert and Alexandrine should be married after Easter.

All this history, which—except for its great truthfulness and reality, might have been taken out of a novel—is charmingly put together in Mrs. Craven's first volume. But it can hardly be called any thing extraordinary—and its incidents are very much such as might be expected, and such as have probably been repeated over and over again in hundreds of cases in real life. Nor can any more exceptional character be claimed for the subsequent history of the young people after their marriage, up to the last and fatal illness of Albert. There are many pretty descriptions, and characteristic scenes, the voyage to the East, the coasts of Greece, Smyrna, some peeps into "Turkish interiors" at Constantinople, and the fine palace of Korsen. The journals and letters, also, during the first winter and spring of their married life, especially those which relate to some weeks spent at Pisa, when M. de Montalembert was their daily companion, are full of life and pleasant happiness. But these things do not constitute the peculiar charm of the work, which has caused a great sensation in France, and when at first put forward timidly—only a hundred copies were printed—was made the subject of a highly laudatory article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has since been much praised in other periodicals of the same high class. As far as French criticism can decide the matter, Mrs. Craven's work, venturesome and singular as it is, setting an example of the revelation of family history which perhaps had better not be very frequently imitated, is a very great and unusual success.

We are inclined for our own part to set down as the chief element in its attractiveness the very beautiful character of the lady whose name—as it has become public property—we have taken the liberty of prefixing to this article. The family of de la Ferronays was evidently privileged and highly gifted,—not only in its perfect union and internal harmony, and in its position and antecedents, but in the endowments

of heart and mind possessed by its members. The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* selected Mdlle. Eugénie de la Ferronays as showing very remarkable qualities in the papers preserved to us by her sister. These papers are striking: but not more so than some others remaining from the pen of Albert and his other sisters. The whole family is above the common level. Alexandrine, the stranger adopted into the circle by marriage, was in many respects, at first, at a comparative disadvantage. If we find ourselves, in speaking of a real character, insensibly slipping into the language which we are accustomed to use with regard to the persons in a fiction, we must remember the peculiar circumstances under which we have become acquainted with her. Alexandrine had been brought up in a religion which did not satisfy her heart, and yet she was partly afraid to leave it from regard to her mother, partly she thought it ungenerous to do what implied a slur to the memory of her ancestors.* She was a stranger in all the scenes of piety and religion in which the de la Ferronays moved so naturally without any profession of extraordinary devotion or religiousness. Her life before she fell in with Albert had been gay and worldly: "*dissipée et dangereuse*," the de Montalembert called it in one of his letters to her husband, a charge which she repels with great gentleness and dignity. But there is a charm, a simplicity, a transparent candour, and a graceful humility about her which rivets our interest at once. Even when she is wayward and scrupulous she is always pleasing. She is the one figure of surpassing interest in the first volume, which contains her married life: in the second, in which she appears as Albert's widow, residing chiefly with his family, she is still the most prominent object, though the characters of two of her sisters-in-law, Eugénie and Olga, are drawn with delicate and tender care. And that which raises the book far above the level of a pleasing narrative to that of a solemn and harmonious picture of a not uncommon but still most beautiful instance of the workings of particular Providence, is that it sets before us with the most perfect naturalness and fidelity, first the history of her conversion, and then the still more touching tale of the gradual strengthening and elevation of her character by means of the quiet practice of her religion after the crushing blow which took her husband from her side. The same wonderful process is no doubt continually going on in numberless cases: it has seldom

* She was very fond of a story which she had somewhere met with, of a pagan King who on learning from a Christian missionary that his own ancestors were lost, thought it more generous to be lost with them than to be saved without them. The story seems rather apocryphal, and the missionary's statement may have been misrepresented. The feeling, however, is frequently to be met with. Alexandrine had too much discernment and good sense to attach too much importance to it, and not to see the true answer to the difficulty. We shall see that when she at last wrote to her mother announcing her resolution to become a Catholic, she invoked the aid of "those of her Catholic ancestors who were in heaven." The argument—so to call it—is often vigorously urged by Protestant ministers and others—as if any one in a Christian nation had half as many Protestant "ancestors" as Catholic.

been more fully, more simply, or more clearly portrayed than in the history of Alexandrine de la Ferronays.

We have said that she was not satisfied with her own religion. The first thought that struck her future husband concerning her, was to pray for her conversion. She goes to the Benediction on a Sunday afternoon at the Trinità di Monte—that Benediction which has given their first Catholic impressions to so many Protestant visitors to Rome—and she tells Albert on leaving the church how glad she would have been not to be afraid to kneel with her Catholic friends. Albert reproved her soundly for her human respect, though he had only known her a few days. In a few weeks we find him making barefoot the ordinary pilgrimage of the "Seven Churches" at Rome, to obtain her conversion. Here we meet for the first time with a feature in the character of this family of which there are many instances afterwards. The young man makes a solemn offer of his life to God in order to obtain for her the grace of conversion. This gives Mrs. Craven an opportunity of telling us how Alexandrine, eight or nine years before this, when receiving instruction for "confirmation" from a Lutheran minister at Berlin, had laid before him her religious doubts, and had been far from satisfied with his answers. At that time she had made a solemn resignation of all her earthly happiness to God, asking in return for the sacrifice, *the clear knowledge of the truth*. Both these offerings were, as we shall see, accepted. As the intimacy proceeded, the subject of her abjuration seems to have been from time to time mentioned between them. She seems to have had no difficulties but those already mentioned, her regard for her mother, and her dislike to condemn her "ancestors;" but though she would go and pray in the Catholic churches, she seems never to have thought it possible at that time to take the step. Passing over a few months, we find her in Germany with her mother and a cousin who lived with them, both of them anxious to deter her from any change of religion, such as might have been expected naturally as the consequence of her attachment and half-engagement to a Catholic. This was the time, after the alarming illness of Albert, when every effort seems to have been made to put an end to the match. It appears that Alexandrine thought—as is often the case—that her peculiar circumstances made it a duty to her to resist her long-felt inclinations and her growing convictions on the subject of religion, lest it might seem that she had been influenced by her affections on so important a matter. She was investigating the question to the best of her ability, but she lingered over the examination of arguments with a scrupulosity which seemed half to indicate obstinacy in adherence to error. She was far then from contemplating a change of religion, but on the other hand, nothing in the world would induce her—nothing ever would have induced her—to promise that she would never change it. Her letters and journals, up to the time of her marriage, show but little doubt as to her position. On the Easter Eve before her marriage she writes in her private journal some reflections in preparation for her communion, and adds a prayer that, for the sake of our Lord,

she may be taught the true religion. Then she has to promise that her children shall be brought up Catholics. Her future mother-in-law asks her the question timidly, as if half afraid that it might pain her: but Alexandrine writes in her journal, "she did not know the pleasure which I felt in making the promise, or that it filled me with a sweet joy. It is singular that at no time in my life I should have desired to have Protestant children: I would rather have had them Greeks than Protestants, but always and before all, Catholics." At this time she adds, that she told Mrs. Craven that "three deaths or a birth" would make her a Catholic at once. She meant that she herself could not die, as she felt even then, out of the Church; that her mother's death, or the death of her husband, would either set her free from the regards which made her still hesitate, or give her courage to brave them; and that also, if she had a child of her own, she would have been able to make light of the pain she should give to her own mother by conversion. After her marriage, she used to go to Mass on Sundays; and during the months which were spent at Pisa, it appears that she never thought of finding her way to a Protestant chapel. On their return to Naples, however, where she was well known to the Lutheran minister and his congregation, it appears that she feared lest it might reach her mother's ears that she had given up her own worship, and, to her husband's evident annoyance, she resumed it.* He describes her, in a letter to M. de Montalembert, as in a state of hesitation and indecision, but only requiring the firm and tender hand of a good spiritual guide to lead her at once into the true fold. But it was to be the working of Providence rather than any direct human agency, which was to give her the strength necessary for the resolution which she contemplated. Human considerations, personal ties, the influence of affection for parents or friends, are gradually sapped in many souls such as that of Alexandrine by the hidden power of prayers made in secret for them, or of their own efforts after good, however feeble and imperfect. Then some external blow, or some change of circumstances or of prospects, comes to shatter the obstacles which remain by dwarfing the unrealities of this life in the presence of the great truths brought out into full prominence by calamity or by the shadow of its approach. Alexandrine's resistance to her growing convictions lasted just as long as her hope of prolonged earthly happiness by the side of Albert. Towards the end of November 1835, when they were at Venice, Eu-

* There is great truthfulness to nature in her account of herself at this time: "Pauline was right in saying that the Protestant air was better for me, because it threw me more on their (the Catholic) side, and since I had been among them (the de la Ferronays), *je faisais de l'opposition*. Alas, it is often so. The only one of my creed in the midst of them, I felt as if my religion was humiliated, and I felt a little the need of making it hold up its head. But I never had this kind of feeling with my husband; his faith and piety inspired me with the greatest respect, and he never had the air of wishing to attack me. I saw in him nothing but a tender and constant hope that we should one day have the same faith. This hope I shared with him, though perhaps without giving myself any very clear account of it, because at that time I should not have dared to make the least step in advance on account of my mother." *Journal*, vol. i. p. 230.

génie de la Ferronays writes to her: "Dieu lui-même te conduira. Tu es sa douce brebis, qu'il veut ramener sans l'effaroucher. Il nous accordera un doux consentement, et permettra que ce soit sans froisser le cher cœur de ta mère." About the same time we find Alexandrine writing to M. de Montalembert, and making an objection to a point of Catholic doctrine that it must be against infinite mercy to punish any one eternally. (This was a favourite objection of hers.) She adds: "Hélas ! voilà qu'hier ma mère m'écrivit qu'elle espère communier avec moi l'année prochaine, et me supplie d'être toujours fidèle !" And she answers Eugénie that she cannot break her mother's heart: "Si j'étais libre de mes actions cependant, j'examinerais, j'étudierais, je tâcherais de devenir Catholique. Mais c'est le Pape qui me dérange—je crois que j'accorde quasi tout le reste !" Such was her state of mind when her husband suddenly became so seriously ill. A few days after, we find her writing the following most characteristic passage in her secret diary:

"My God, thou hast granted me some lively enjoyments during my life, but thou hast denied me repose. . . . I hope that I do not murmur. Thy will be done! O yes, *I hope that I am persuaded* that all that thou doest is well done. But, Adorable Father (for thou hast permitted us to ask), I ask thee in the name of thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom thou hast promised to refuse nothing, I ask thee that I may live and die and rise again with my cherished Albert. I love him, my God! I love him much in thee, I love him much because he loves thee. O, keep us always together in thy love, never separate us! Pray for me, ye Saints; hear me, Jesus; let my voice reach thee as that of the poor women reached thee, that of the centurion, and so many others! Like one of them, I say, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Deign thyself to enlighten me, make thyself the truth to shine in my heart. But allow me, sweet Jesus, thou who hadst pity on thy Mother, allow me to deal tenderly with the heart of mine!"

"My soul was very sad and unquiet yesterday. The sun was beautiful, the sea so fair and calm! Such sights have often made me believe in an eternal happiness extended to each one and to all; well, yesterday I felt nothing but the sorrow and danger which are by the side of all that is sweet and happy. I thought that the sun, which is so glorious, is often the cause of many deaths and of great sufferings. And the sea! when it is so calm, so unbroken, so blue, are not people still drowned in it all the same? Danger and suffering are all around us. Our life, the life of all those whom we love, hangs but on a thread, and even that thread is not broken without frightful sufferings!

"O, is not one sometimes tempted to say to oneself, It is true—God, that Immense, Incomprehensible, Almighty Being, has certainly the right to make his creatures for different uses, some for misery, others for happiness. What can we do as to this? Not even murmur—it would be absurd. We are certainly, in comparison with God, less than the clay of which the potter makes different vessels, or the wax which the artist moulds as he wills. I am less

before God than the grain of dust which whirls before me. Ought I not to be as much a matter of indifference to Him?

"I had such thoughts as these yesterday, as I sat in the window before this beautiful view; and then, wafted to me perhaps by one of the angels who care for me, there came to my soul those words so full of comfort, '*The least of your hairs is numbered.*' Thus then, our troubles have all a purpose. O, I feel that it is good for me to be tried. It makes me think of God, it makes me, I hope, somewhat better. And then another heavenly word came to my thoughts, '*Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.*'"

A fortnight or three weeks later the moment came when Albert's life was despaired of. She writes of it thus:

"Sunday, March 6th. Albert slept during the night, but on waking, he began to cough, and towards morning his pain had passed from the shoulder to the centre of his chest. He told me that he had had a feeling of being choked to death. At half-past five I went to wake Fernand [Albert's brother], and tell him all: he ran to fetch Breda [the physician].

"I sat watching over Albert with anxiety, waiting for the return of Fernand. He came back; I saw his lips quite pale, he could hardly speak to me—he said, 'We must get a confessor.' . . . 'Have we come to that? have we indeed come to that?' I cried to myself. Then I added almost instantaneously, 'Now I am a Catholic.' When these words had been uttered, firmness at least, if not happiness, came back to my soul.

"I asked with a sort of impatience what this dreadful malady was called. 'Pulmonary consumption,' said Fernand at last. Then I felt all hope abandon me.

"This was in another room, close to Albert's. We had to go back to his.

"Fernand opened the shutters. I looked out on the morning. I saw the palaces gilded by the sun as usual, but I no longer understood any thing. I saw the day fall on the face of Albert; it seemed to me so white—I felt a sort of stupor, though I kept it to myself, for I had now for many days been practising the disguise of my fears. My dear Albert, looking on this new day, of which he did not know all the importance, began to say sadly and sweetly, 'O, I wish they were all here—I fear I shall never see them more! France! France! if I could reach it, I would bow my head.'"

Some Visitandines in Venice, to whom he had a letter of introduction which his brother had delivered, were sending him a relic of St. Francis of Sales by their confessor, Padre Catullo. Alexandrine goes on :

"When Albert saw the good father, he was very glad; he asked him at once of his own accord to hear his confession. He then turned to me with a sweet expression and told me to leave the room. I gave the good father a host of recommendations as to care before I left, and I remained near the door, full of anxiety, and trying to hear what passed—without thinking it was any harm.

"Padre Catullo remained long with us. He told me with the air of one greatly impressed, that Albert was a very good Christian. He did him the greatest possible good, and me also—and notwithstanding the horrors of that day, there was in the irrevocable resolution which I had taken a germ of joy which I felt by anticipation."

A few days later, she writes :

"Since the moment when I said 'Now I am a Catholic,' never for a single second have I had the thought that any other religion can be true. The 14th of March I wrote in my journal '*a moment of inspiration*.' I marked the day in that manner, because as I was writing to my mother for the first time since Albert's danger, I made up my mind to tell her the whole. I knelt down therefore before I began my letter, and I asked those of my Catholic ancestors who were in heaven to help me. I felt myself delightfully encouraged by a bright ray of the sun which just then crossed the room, and was perfectly in keeping with the state of my soul. Albert, as he lay in his bed, had no idea of his own happiness, and of mine."

The letter to her mother follows, but it is too long to be given here. She tells her that she cannot resist the need she feels of belonging to the same religion with her husband. She has never felt it so strongly as during these last terrible days—but she is bound to say that she has hitherto been kept back from receiving instruction in Catholicism out of regard to her mother, lest she should feel forced to embrace it at once. She hopes to give her dying husband the last great joy of communicating with him once at least: but at the same time, not even to sweeten his last moments, would she act unfaithfully to her convictions and to God.

The parents of Albert, with his sister Eugénie, arrived at Venice in time to find him alive: indeed, as we have said, they were afterwards able, by dint of great care, to move him to Paris. We have an account of their arrival from Eugénie written to her sister Pauline (Mrs. Craven). She describes her wonder at the firmness of Alexandrine. "She has had hours of agony by his side, always herself in appearance, calm and without tears, in order not to frighten him. She has felt her hands growing cold and her knees tremble at the thought, '*Perhaps it is to be now, perhaps now is the time!*' For two days, having given up hope, she made no prayer but this, '*My God, that he may not die without communion!*' After this prayer had been heard, came another, '*My God, grant that he may not die without seeing once more his father and his mother!*' After these two hopes had been realised, she felt resigned." Then she speaks of her conversion. "The great business is not yet done, but almost better than done. That day when Albert was in danger, her only thought was, not to let him die without the consolation of receiving communion with her. She has written to her mother. I do not know whether the letter will have the same effect on you as on me: it has struck me as wonderfully stamped by firmness and irrevocability. She is so Catholic: she thirsts for our religion. In her letter to-day to M. de Montalembert there is this strong pass-

age, ‘ I should be more happy as a widow and a Catholic than if I remained always Albert’s wife and always a Protestant.’ ”

This was an answer to some expressions of her friend, who had written to her from France and sent her a rosary—uncertain, at the time he wrote, whether she were yet a widow or not. He had told Eugénie that he feared she might relapse if Albert got better. She sent him in reply a copy of her letter to her mother. In another letter of this date Alexandrine tells Mrs. Craven that she cannot complain of any suffering. She remembers how at her father’s death she had prayed with all the fervour and sincerity of which she was capable that she might not have an instant of happiness on earth, but that he might be happy for ever; that she used to pray daily that she might suffer in his place, but that of late she had changed her prayer into a petition that what she was now undergoing and had undergone might be accepted in place of his. “ *Ma faiblesse n'a plus eu le courage d'en demander de nouvelles.* ” This is perfectly characteristic of her. When at last they arrived at Paris, she began to make her preparations for abjuration. Some time before she had read an article of the Abbé Gerbet, in the *Université Catholique*, and had determined that he should be her confessor: and though he was absent from Paris when they arrived, she awaited his return to make her confession to him. The Abbé Martin de Noirieu received her abjuration; but her first communion at the midnight Mass, of which we have spoken, was given to her by the Abbé Gerbet, who remained her faithful guide and friend for some time after the death of her husband.

Albert lingered on till the end of June. Mrs. Craven gives us an account of her sister-in-law during these last weeks, partly from Alexandrine’s own journal, partly from letters written to herself by Eugénie de la Ferronays, and from her own recollections, as she spent a part of the time with her family at Paris. Every thing about Alexandrine is full of the most touching beauty. She gained a wonderful serenity and elevation of thought with her new faith: it seemed, as the Abbé Gerbet said, as if the veil which separates the visible world from the invisible was withdrawn for her. She was at times almost oppressed by the thoughts of supernatural realities which crowded on her mind, and found a relief in writing them down. About a week before the death of her husband, we find her writing to a friend in defence of what seemed to him “ exaltation religieuse.” “ O, my friend,” she says, “ that which makes one bear a misfortune such as mine, and would make one bear any thing—that which, as you know, has made men endure the most dreadful torments, not only with courage, but with joy, is it then something so miserable? Can we fear to see those whom we love possess so good a security against every kind of evil? Truly, I cannot help thinking that those who judge thus are very strange: and when some sensible blow falls on them, or perhaps at the hour of their death, I am sure that they have a sort of vague regret which they will, it may be, find it difficult to explain to themselves, not to have this ‘ exaltation’ which makes every thing light, and fills every

thing with hope." Once more, on June 26th, a midnight Mass was said in the sick chamber, and as Albert could scarcely open his mouth without suffering, and had a difficulty in swallowing, the priest divided the sacred particle between him and his wife. The day after, Albert received Extreme Unction. The last moment came on the morning of St. Peter's Day. "At six o'clock," she writes, "I saw and understood that the moment was come. He was then placed on a sofa near the open window. Then I felt a strength come to me so great, that nothing could have torn me from my place as I knelt by his side. My sister Eugénie came close to me.

"His father was kneeling on the other side: his poor mother standing, leaning over his head, the Abbé Martin by her side.

"O my God!—there was nothing more said but by his father—words all full of blessings, the noblest that can accompany the agony of a son: '*Toi, qui ni ne nous a jamais affligés . . . le meilleur des enfants, sois béni! Va, m'entends-tu encore? Tu regards ton Alexandrine (ses yeux déjà fixés s'étaient tournés vers moi), tu la bénis aussi!*'

"The Sister of Charity said the litanies of the agonising.

"And I, his wife!—I felt what I could never have imagined, I felt that death was happiness! and I said in my heart, 'Now, O Lord Jesus, *Paradise for him!*'

"The Abbé Martin began the words of the last absolution, and the soul of Albert took flight before they were finished."

We have indulged ourselves in the extracts which we have given from the papers relating more immediately to the conversion of Alexandrine and her bearing at the time of her husband's death, because some acquaintance with them is necessary in order to form a fair idea of the nature of the change produced in her by her resolution to become a Catholic. In her case, as in that of so many others, there was undoubtedly the influence of a strong human motive at work to hasten on the step which she had so long contemplated. The struggle might have been longer but for the sudden light which flashed across her at Venice that she was on the eve of losing her husband. It may even be said, that as far as we can see, her conversion was in a secondary sense owing to her marriage with a Catholic, and her removal from the influence of her mother. This may be freely allowed, though many who might be disposed to urge it as an argument against the sincerity of her conversion would forget to ask themselves whether in her state, but for human considerations, she would not have become a Catholic before she ever met with Albert. In such cases people are very apt to point out as objectionable the influences that tell on the one side, and to shut their eyes entirely to the influences on the other: and it is indisputably true as a general rule that family ties, regard to parents and relations, and the other scarcely less natural and less powerful influences that are founded on position in society and even temporal advantage, are in nine cases out of ten far stronger on the side opposed to conversions than on that which favours them. Providence deals with

us gently and tenderly, and sometimes uses the power of personal ties to give us liberty and courage to surmount the impediments which have long seemed to us invincible. Conversion implies, on its human side, the strengthening and the liberating and the ennobling of the will as well as the enlightenment of the mind: men must be freed from fearfulness and cowardice as well as from false ideas and imperfect conceptions. Even under the most favourable circumstances it is a hard and severe sacrifice, beginning in humiliation and in the taking up of a yoke from which nature instinctively shrinks. Even if such a step could be taken out of affection or sentiment, these motives would at once break down as grounds of perseverance. We might as well expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, as to look to human feelings, even of the tenderest and most lawful character, for patience under affliction, or peace, serenity, and resignation, under long anxiety and painful bereavement. Such as are the affections of this world, such are the happiness which they can produce and the strength which they can engender: happiness which withers like the grass at the touch of death, strength which falters and faints away before the presence of invisible realities. Human love could never have given to Alexandrine the calm courage and deep resignation which she acquired so suddenly, even before her bereavement was complete; still less could it have been the seed from which that beautiful strength of character sprung, which is so strikingly set before us in the account given by Mrs. Craven of her life as a widow.

English Premiers.

VI.—LORD NORTH.

LORD NORTH, the eldest son of the Earl of Guilford, was born in the year 1732. He travelled on the Continent, as youths in his position generally do, acquired modern languages, and at an early age married an heiress. Soon after his majority he was returned to Parliament, where his talents for business attracted attention. After passing through some subordinate offices he was promoted to the Treasury, became joint paymaster of the forces in the "tessellated ministry," succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and held this high post, together with that of First Lord of the Treasury, when the Duke of Grafton ceased to be at the head of the Cabinet. This was in January 1770, from which time till 1782 Lord North continued to be the principal adviser of the sovereign, and the responsible guide of the affairs of Great Britain, while disasters almost without parallel fell fast upon her, until, by the success of the United States, the just discontent in Ireland, the increased pressure of the national debt, the combined hostility of Spain, Holland, and France, and the naval reverses which threatened her supremacy on the seas, she was brought to the verge of ruin. During this period of twelve years a variety of questions of great interest arose, and issued in results highly important to the interests of society and the destinies of England.

It was in the midst of the ferment produced by Wilkes's re-election that Lord North took the lead in public affairs. The English are as prone to resist illegal acts as they are ready in general to submit to lawful authority. The House of Commons in declaring Wilkes incapacitated for a seat in Parliament had clearly exceeded its powers, and the electors of Westminster had a perfect right to re-elect him, as they did, by 1,193 votes against 296 obtained by Captain Luttrell, his opponent. It were to be wished, indeed, that their champion had been more respectable for his moral and religious character; but perhaps the very fact of his being personally undeserving of support brought out more strongly the principle involved in maintaining his cause against the Commons and the Court. Lord North's unhappy bias towards absolutism was soon manifested in a striking manner. The duties imposed by a recent Act on paper, glass, china, and colours imported into America were repealed

as vexatious, but a tax on tea was continued for the sole purpose of upholding the rights of the English Legislature to tax the colonists. Such taxation was unjust, though not strictly illegal. The result is well known. Though the price of tea was lowered, the Americans would not buy it while burdened with a duty of threepence per pound. In some ports the local authorities would not allow it to be landed; and in Boston harbour, in December 1773, the people, disguised as Mohawk Indians, boarded the Dartmouth East India tea ship, and flung its cargo into the sea, together with that of two other vessels. The City of London by petition, and the Earl of Chatham by his oratory, did their best to give full weight to the ominous hints thrown out by the Middlesex electors and the natives of Boston; but in those days a free expression of opinion on such matters was regarded in high quarters as disrespectful to the King and injurious to the Government.

In February 1772 Lord North's conservative principles were tested in their religious aspect. A petition was presented to the House of Commons by Sir William Meredith, in which two or three hundred clergymen, physicians, and lawyers prayed for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The arguments employed by the speakers on both sides were very amusing, and, whether for or against the petition, told equally against the consistency of an Establishment which maintains the right of private judgment at one moment and dogmatises in the next. Lord North was true to himself. He stuck to the grand principle that orthodoxy means my doxy, and heterodoxy means another man's doxy. He thought "the indulgence prayed for was repugnant to the Act of Union, and that if it were granted, there would thenceforward be nothing that could exclude a man from the Church of England but Popery." He sided, in fact, with Sir Roger Newdigate, who was of opinion that "the King, as the third part of the State, is bound on oath *never* to admit any alteration in the Liturgy or in the Articles," and was convinced that "to make *any* innovations in the forms prescribed to the clergy would occasion such contentions in the nation that not poppy nor mandragora could ever medicine it to its former repose." Accordingly the petition was rejected by 217 against 71; but the Church's slumbers continued to be disturbed, and no one could understand why fallibility and mutability should not go together. A mysterious alliance was supposed to exist between the Church and the Crown, so that if one tottered, the other must fall. On this ground the House of Lords rejected, by 102 votes against 29, a bill intended to relieve Dissenting ministers and schoolmasters from the necessity of appearing before a justice of the peace and subscribing,

under heavy pains and penalties, the doctrines of the Thirty-nine Articles ! It may well be matter of dispute whether the loyalty of these unfortunate ministers and schoolmasters were likely to be increased by such intolerance.

In 1772-3 the affairs of India and the East India Company occupied a large share of public attention, and are remembered by posterity chiefly on account of the rich poetic eloquence of Burke which they called forth, and the marvellous exploits—the good and evil deeds of Lord Clive—which they brought prominently into notice. It was to him principally that the Anglo-Indian empire owed its rise. From a mere clerk he became at an early age a general, and exhibited a talent for war equal to that of the greatest heroes of ancient or modern times. He acquired extraordinary influence over the sepoys, and, contending with their aid against terrific odds, defeated hordes of Moslems at the siege of Arcot, and at once established his fame. It was he who avenged the fate of the English who perished in the black hole of Calcutta, deposed Surajah Dowlah, and placed Meer Jaffier on the throne of that monster of cruelty. The victory of Plassy was his greatest achievement in arms, but it was unhappily connected with his worst moral stain. He fought the Indians with their own weapons—treachery and craft. He seduced the Bengalee Omichund into conspiracy, deceived him with a fictitious treaty, in which immense reward was promised him, produced the real one when the wretched man had fulfilled his compact, and caused his idiocy and death by the shock. This deed was followed by other acts of doubtful probity in an Englishman high in command. Clive accepted from Meer Jaffier two or three hundred thousand pounds; and though the immense army of Shah Alum fled before him, and his name was the terror of Mahrattas, Afghans, and Rohillas—though as Governor-general of Bengal he effected in a short time one of the most extensive and salutary reforms in a disorganised government that was ever accomplished, he returned to England with a reputation tarnished, partly through the bitterness of those whose abuses he had corrected, and partly through the defects of his own conduct in former years. The House of Commons called for an inquiry into the affairs of India; and Clive, who had conquered races and territories like a second Alexander—Clive, who had ruled with all the splendour of a Mogul, crowned with diamonds and rubies, was compelled to answer like a malefactor the questions of acrimonious and ill-informed members of a committee.

Lord North pursued a middle course towards the illustrious general. Clive was installed as Knight of the Bath while the proceedings relative to his conduct were being carried on, and he was

also appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Shropshire. The House of Commons resolved that it was illegal in any servant of the Government to appropriate to his private use land or property acquired in foreign countries by military force, and that such appropriations had taken place in Bengal; but instead of grounding any formal charge against Lord Clive on these general resolutions, it expressed its unanimous conviction that he had rendered great and meritorious services to his country. The main result of the inquiry was that the affairs of the East India Company were subjected to stricter control on the part of Government, and the welfare of the natives was taken into more account, and protected against the injustice and rapacity of European adventurers, traders, and clerks. Having accomplished this object, the Premier repaired to Oxford, and was invested with the dignity of Chancellor of that University.

The foreign policy of Lord North was not so successful in the West as in the East. That clever little contrivance of duty on tea—by which the principle of taxation by the mother country was to be maintained, while the advantages resulting from it dwindled down to a cipher—totally failed; and rebellion began in the harbour of Boston amid shouts and laughter. Custom-house officers, tarred and feathered, were led about the streets. The captains of the tea ships finding it impossible to land their cargoes, wished to return with them to England; but the Governor, the Custom-house, and the consignees would neither bring the chests on shore in the teeth of the mob, nor grant the captains the requisite discharges. In this state of things the Bostonians boarded the Indiamen disguised as Mohawks, and tumbled some hundreds of tea chests into the bottom of the harbour. At Charlestown the commodity fared little better; for though it was landed, it was stowed away in a damp cellar, which rotted it quite as effectually as the salt wave. This outrage on the English Government was committed in December 1773, and in March of the following year the matter was brought before Parliament with all solemnity. Lord North proposed that the town of Boston should be deprived of its privileges as a port, and compelled to pay a fine indemnifying all whom the rioters had injured. This measure he followed up with others equally injudicious. He repealed the charter of William and Mary, which granted the province of Massachusetts Bay power to choose its own councillors, judges, magistrates, and sheriffs, and he vested that right in the Crown and the Governor. He then, to make the irritation of the colonists complete, provided for the removal of every accused person there to England, in case he was not likely to meet with a fair trial in the colony; that is, no one employed or favoured by the Government

was to be amenable to the law and legal authorities in the place where his misdemeanours were committed. There were in the obsequious House of Commons some members whose spirits rose up against these despotic follies. Colonel Barré warned the Government that by such laws they would remove all check from the military, and expose a peaceably disposed people to their passions and insults. They would alienate the colonies, and destroy the genuine supplies by which the national strength was nourished. They would change their ground and become the aggressors. They would send them a naked sword instead of an olive-branch. Mr. Rose Fuller predicted that from the day Lord North's bills passed the nation's ruin would commence. The people were as much misled as their rulers, and would soon discover their mistake.

These wise cautions were heeded too late. There is a sad propensity in our nature to oppress, and there are few who would not follow it if they had the power. The Massachusetts Bay Bills were carried by a majority of nearly five to one in the Commons, and by 92 to 20 in the Lords. Lord Rockingham and ten other peers protested, but their protests were as powerless as the pleading of Colonel Barré and Mr. Fuller. Meanwhile a solemn league and covenant was drawn up at Boston, by which the subscribers bound themselves to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain till the Boston Port Bill and other obnoxious Acts were repealed; and a general Congress was held at Philadelphia in September 1774 to deliberate on the best course to be pursued in the approaching conflict. The minds of some men dwell chiefly on the evils of rebellion, while the minds of others dwell more on the evils of oppression. If the Americans were wrong in raising the standard of insurrection, it is to the thirteenth Parliament of Great Britain—commonly called “the Regal Parliament” for its immense extension of the influence of the Crown—and to Lord North as its leader and exponent, that the fault of the colonists must principally be ascribed. The steady application of this minister to business, his talents as a speaker, and his coolness in debate, are but a trifling set-off to the injury he inflicted on his country by arbitrary enactments, and through not discerning the signs of the times. Lord Chatham said he would consent to be taken for an idiot if Lord North's measures were not finally repealed. He affirmed that if the ministers persevered in misleading the King, they would make his crown not worth the wearing. But the short-sighted were many, and the far-seeing were few. Chatham and Burke contended in vain for clemency and conciliation; and though they had justice and mercy on their side, their predictions would never have been fulfilled if circum-

stances had not raised up in the far West a champion of independence; great through the very simplicity of his character, and able to struggle successfully with the colossal power of Great Britain on sea and land. There was nothing more improbable than that well-disciplined armies, commanded by such generals as Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, should be routed after long and desperate conflicts by raw recruits, destitute of all military resources, and commanded by a dissident land-surveyor of Virginia. Yet all this was accomplished by Washington, without any innate love of war, and without ever indulging one thought of personal aggrandisement. Whatever sentence may be pronounced on his cause, there has never been more than one opinion as to the mode on which he conducted it. Friends and enemies have gazed alike with wonder and admiration at the man who was never discouraged by reverses, nor elated with success; who preserved under all circumstances the utmost dignity and calm; who acted habitually under a sense of duty; and who, though born to conquer and to rule, though idolised by his soldiers, though scarcely able to journey towards Congress to surrender his powers, in consequence of the throng that pressed upon him, from every city, village, and hamlet, with congratulations and addresses, accepted no reward, but accounted it his highest happiness to retire, "like a wearied traveller," into the quiet bosom of a loving family, and bless "the all-powerful Guide and Disposer of events" for having prevented him from falling amid the manifold dangers of his arduous path.*

But it is more in harmony with the design of this series to trace the course pursued by the English minister than to follow the march of the leader of insurrection. The colonists of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Providence Plantation, and others, carried on an extensive trade with Portugal, Spain, and Italy, by means of the Newfoundland fisheries. When their vessels had discharged their cargoes in distant ports, they returned to their own country by way of Great Britain, where they usually spent what they had gained elsewhere in the purchase of British manufactures. By this honest calling the American traders enriched themselves and others, and trained up a large body of athletic seamen. But the colonists had behaved very badly, and Lord North, in his wisdom, thought fit to chastise them. He brought in a bill by which this flourishing commerce was prohibited, and the Newfoundland fisheries were closed against the people who had wickedly refused to buy British tea. The consequences of such retaliation were pointed out by Edmund Burke

* Letter to General Knox.

with such precision and force as brought conviction to every breast not doubly plated with prejudice. In his famous speech on Conciliation with America he showed how the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing, and how an Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. But no arguments could pierce Lord North's breastplate; no, nor Dr. Johnson's either. That good man and bad politician took arms on the side of despotism, and in his pamphlet *Taxation no Tyranny*, in reply to Burke, undertook to combat propositions which, when read in the present day, appear simply truisms. Mutual forbearance, mutual toleration, are the last lessons humanity will learn. If England had dealt with Australia as she did with America—if she had refused it the privilege of levying its own taxes and passing its own laws, that vast region would ere this have erected itself into a rival State.

When two States, or two portions of the same State, engage in war, it is curious to observe how constantly each throws the "responsibility" of the outbreak on the other. The Quakers of Philadelphia seized muskets and pitchforks with all alacrity, and marched against the British troops. Military men too, settled in America, undertook to discipline the raw recruits; and a part of the lesson they taught was not to strike the first blow. They justified their assembly in arms by the authority of Blackstone, who assures us in his Commentaries* that "in cases of national oppression, the nation has ere now very justifiably risen as one man to vindicate the original compact between the king and the people." They were miserably provided with munitions of war; but they often profited by the British transports with which raging seas and storms strewed their coasts. These were amply provisioned with hogs and oxen, beer and coals. The hay, oats, and beans for a single regiment of horse had cost 20,000*l.*; and the colonists saw with delight the enormous outlay which the mother country made in fruitless efforts to bring them to a sounder mind. "Britain," wrote Franklin with playful malice, "has killed 150 Yankees this campaign, at the expense of three millions, which is 20,000*l.* a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time 60,000 children have been born in America. From these data may easily be calculated the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer the whole country."[†]

One is tempted to regret that Lord North had so many excellent

* Book iv. ch. vi.

† Political and Philosophical Pieces, p. 365.

qualities. If he had not been "a man of high honour, amiable temper, winning manners, and lively wit,"* he might have been ejected from office sooner. But his fatal persistence in the idea of exacting obedience from the Americans derived strength from his probity and pleasing address. A bill passed in December 1775 prohibited all trade and intercourse with the revolted colonies, and authorised the commanders of ships of war to capture any American ships and dispose of them as prizes. All sailors and others found on board the captured vessels were liable to serve as common men in his Majesty's ships of war, and be compelled to point British guns against the ports and fortresses of their native land. By this refinement of cruelty many American officers and gentlemen were doomed to associate with the lowest of seamen in a stifling fore-cabin, and to enact the part of fratricides. A few peers and members of Parliament there were who protested against it; but they protested in vain. Foreign troops were hired at a prodigious cost of the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and the Prince of Hesse Cassel. The Premier believed that "every person in the House was firmly persuaded that the whole united strength of America would not be able to oppose the force which was meant to be sent out early in the spring." But though a million and a half sterling was to be spent on the mercenaries during the first year—though the enemy they had to encounter was better skilled in the use of spades and ploughshares than of bayonets and mortars, they were destined ere long to be scattered by the impetuous valour of peasants and shopmen, and to lie in the dust and the swamps "like leaves of the summer when autumn has blown."

In July 1776 the Declaration of Independence was made by Congress, but not without great reluctance to the measure on the part of many colonies having first to be overcome. For some time their numbers were equally divided on the question, and it was decided at last only by a casting vote. The step once taken, the combatants on both sides found in it a justification of their subsequent proceedings. King George and his prime minister became more than ever determined to chastise the rebels who had dared to pronounce the royal authority in America null; and the colonists, by openly throwing off all allegiance, placed themselves in a position to obtain succour from foreign powers. The success which at first attended the combined efforts of Admiral Lord Howe and his brother, General Howe, the juncture of Clinton and Cornwallis with the main army, the defeat of the American forces at Bedford, the

* Macaulay's Life of William Pitt, p. 150.

surrender of New York, and the narrow escape of Washington from total destruction on the White Plains, made the revolted colonists turn their eyes in the direction of Versailles, and profit by General Howe's supineness in following up his victories, by sending Dr. Franklin to negotiate an alliance with England's most formidable rival.

This remarkable man was to the American cause in the Cabinet what Washington was in the field. Genius had raised him above all the disadvantages of low birth in a country where birth was little regarded. From the counter, where his father sold soap and candles, he had pushed on till he acquired a competence as a printer in Philadelphia. His public spirit, shown in various literary and scientific undertakings, pointed him out as a fit representative of the people, and during thirty years previous to the war he filled numerous offices in the colonial administration. Integrity and talent marked his course; and amid public affairs he found time daily for the pursuit of science through her sublimest heights and in her deepest recesses. Many precious discoveries in electricity are due to his research; and Turgot alludes to his invention of the lightning-conductor in the line:

"Eripuit celo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

While he was closeted with ministers at Versailles, and accepting every mark of honour in Paris, American cruisers were swarming in European seas, capturing our homeward-bound West India ships, till the insurance of such vessels was raised to twenty-five per cent,—extensively damaging our commerce, and filling the Thames with foreign brigs and schooners laden with English products, which the merchants of London were afraid to trust under the security of the British flag. Troubles and disasters, however, multiplied on the colonists, and many of the wealthier classes made their submission to Lord Howe and Sir William Howe, who, now feeling secure of triumph, offered pardon to all who should return to their allegiance within sixty days.

It was a time of darkness and dismal foreboding. "What will you do," people asked of Washington, "if Philadelphia be taken?" "Retire behind the Susquehanna, and if necessary to the Alleghanies," was the Commander-in-Chief's heroic reply. He had retreated across the Delaware; and English generals were writing home in high spirits on the virtual subjugation of the rebels, when at last the tide of fortune turned. Three regiments of renowned Hessians, hired from Germany for the British service, were posted at Trenton with a body of English cavalry. On a freezing Christ-

mas night Washington recrossed the river in silence. The deep snows favoured his noiseless approach, and he fell like a thunderbolt on the affrighted mercenaries, and captured two-thirds of their number, with 1,200 stand of arms and six field-pieces. The American force was not more numerous than that of their enemies, yet they lost only four men, two of whom perished through the intense cold. This brilliant achievement revived the courage of the colonists, and was speedily followed by more substantial triumphs. Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga; and France, Spain, and Holland, taking advantage of England in her difficulties, threw their power into the adverse scale, and assisted the insurrection, with which they could have felt little genuine sympathy. Count Rochambeau and the Marquis Lafayette rendered valuable assistance; and many of those who shared in their expedition imbibed in America those republican principles which proved, ten or twelve years later, the death-blow of the French monarchy, and altered the face of Europe. Clinton, another English general, succumbed before the genius of Washington, and Lord Cornwallis himself had the deep mortification of being compelled to surrender to the combined American and French forces. There were generals who advised him not to yield. The brave Colonel Tarleton engaged to break through the enemies' line and join Clinton, if only two thousand men were allowed him; but the counsels of submission prevailed. Peace with America was concluded. Even Lord Rodney's victory off Guadalupe could not take out its sting. The United States were declared "free, sovereign, and independent;" and a large dish of humble pie was set before his majesty George III. Lord North and his colleagues held out to the last, and refused to be made parties to a peace which they deprecated on degrading terms. But the House of Commons, so long submissive, could no longer be drilled into service against the cause of humanity; and when it voted in 1782 by a majority of nineteen that the war ought no longer to be prosecuted for the impracticable purpose of subduing the colonies, Lord North was compelled to retire from office, and to resign his misused supremacy into the hands of Lord Rockingham.

The Statute-book of England has long been degraded by some of the most persecutive laws against Catholics that were ever framed. Nor can they all be referred to a period as remote as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. When William of Orange was called to the throne the nation was furious at the lawless indiscretion of James II., and a large body of the people was more than ever disposed to retaliate on Papists, and prove themselves greater persecutors than those whom they denounced. Happily William III. was not anxious to

second their savage intentions, and sincerely wished to prevent his subjects of all denominations from slaughtering each other for the love of God. But he gave assent to the "Act to prevent the further growth of Popery," which we find under the heading of 10 and 11 William III. To the pains and penalties previously inflicted by many remorseless Parliaments it added a prohibition to Popish priests from officiating at all in the service of religion. If foreigners, they were to be guilty of felony; if natives of Britain, their offence was to be high treason. To offer the holy sacrifice in a secret assembly, to minister the word of God from house to house disguised as a pedlar or baker, to catechise the young and console the dying, was to bring back the days of Roman catacombs and forced libations to the gods of the empire. The boasted champion of civil and religious freedom, with every disposition personally to befriend all religious classes in his dominions, was placed by an intolerant senate under the necessity of acting the part of Decius and Dioclesian.

By the provisions of this wicked Act, Catholic heirs, who happened to be educated in foreign countries, incurred a forfeiture of their estates, and these descended to the next Protestant heir. A Protestant son was enabled to dispossess his Catholic father; and persons guilty of Popery were made legally incapable of purchasing land. The original draft of the bill was comparatively harmless; but during its progress through the House, violent men, anxious to trample out the Catholic religion, added various severe clauses, and accused all of secretly favouring Popery who inclined to more lenient measures. The King himself, as Bishop Burnet tells us,* was said by Jacobites to be a Catholic, or at least a favourer of the Catholic superstition. Perhaps it was to clear himself of this imputation that William III. promoted the bill, and disgraced himself by giving it his royal sanction. The thinking part of the nation became heartily ashamed of it in eighty years, and in 1778 Sir George Savile brought in a bill for its repeal. It is greatly to Lord North's credit that he did not oppose it, and pleasing to reflect that it was passed without a dissenting voice. No premier since Walpole, however retrograde in his tendencies, has been able to check the tide of improvement. In spite of occasional obstacles, it has steadily advanced, always gaining on some points, and always deriving strength from recoil.

The relief afforded to Catholics in England would have been extended to Ireland but for the exertions of zealots devoid of every talent except that of kindling "hatred, malice, and all uncharitable-

* History of his own Times, 8vo. pp. 316, 317, ed. 3d.

ness." False tongues spoke to excitable multitudes by means of pamphlets widely disseminated, and so wrought on their fears of unreal danger, that in 1779 a bitter and persecuting "Protestant Association" was formed throughout England; and in Edinburgh and Glasgow the descendants of Covenanters proved their zeal for the purity of the faith by burning the houses and destroying the property of their Catholic brethren. The recognised leader of this party was a young nobleman of distinguished family, whose eccentricities passed for genius, and whose private life accorded ill with his show of puritanism in dress and manners. At his instigation sixty thousand rabid Protestants assembled in St. George's-fields, signed a petition for the repeal of Sir George Savile's bill, and, with blue cockades in their hats, attended Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons, where he purposed to plead their cause. Every avenue to the doors was beset by his followers, and the Government is suspected of conniving at the tumultuous assembly. No-Popery explosions [were on the right side, and could not but support the interests of Church and State. But the authorities had not calculated on such excesses as really took place. They did not intend that peers should be mobbed and outraged, that the chapels of the Sardinian and Bavarian embassies should be burnt to the ground, nor that the dwellings of Catholics should be dismantled, and the furniture set on fire in the streets. On the other hand, when Protestant zeal was exhibited in so marked a manner, it was not to be expected that the magistrates should order the military to fire. From the chapels in Virginia-lane and East Smithfield the rioters proceeded to the house of Sir George Savile, scattering firebrands at every step. Cellars were rifled, jails were forced open, and prisoners released. The houses of several justices of the peace were levelled with the dust, and various public buildings, including the Bank of England, were threatened with demolition. The madness of the rioters was now at its height, and the only efficient remedy was at length applied. Hundreds of deluded wretches fell, deep-stained with crime, and many innocent persons also were involved in the carnage. Edward Gibbon the historian was an eye-witness of this outbreak, and says: "The month of June will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe."

When the tumult was suppressed, Lord George Gordon was taken into custody, and examined before several lords of the Privy

* Flanagan's British and Irish History, p. 793.

Council. His heated brain had time to cool during his confinement in the Tower. When tried in Westminster-hall for high treason, he was of course acquitted ; nor indeed would it be fair to convict the orators of Exeter-hall, who are in our day quite as unsound in mind as Lord George, of conspiracy against the Government. This champion of Protestantism ended by becoming a Jew.

The corpses of five hundred victims of his folly strewed the streets of London ; twenty of his wild followers were executed, and thirty-nine were transported for life. The Parliament condescended to explain Sir George Savile's bill to the people, and to show that, though intended to relieve Papists, it was not meant to encourage Popery.

A riot quelled is always strength gained to the executive government. It affords numerous pretexts for dispensing with the sanction of laws and parliaments. In consequence of the tumults in London the whole kingdom was subjected to military rule ; the power of the Crown increased ; the spirit of liberty evaporated, and the British constitution seemed to be dying an easy death, and sinking into the inglorious euthanasia of absolute monarchy.

There were not wanting men at this period who arose from time to time in the Houses of Parliament, set forth the manifold miseries of Ireland, and pleaded for redress. Among these were Lords Rockingham and Shelburne, Nugent and Beauchamp. The impassioned appeals of Burke were added to their remonstrances, and a promise was at length extorted from the ministry that some remedy should be applied to the ills in question. Accordingly in the next session, which began in 1779, Lord North was worried into producing the paltry salves which were to heal the wounds of centuries. Three Acts were passed, by which the Irish were allowed to export their raw and manufactured wool, to import and export glass, and to carry on trade with the coast of Africa and the American colonies, subject to such limitations and duties as their local parliament might see fit to impose. The disinterestedness even of these trifling concessions may be doubted. They were probably made with a view to increasing the revenue of Ireland, which at that moment little more than covered the expenses of its civil establishment, and maintained the 11,000 disciplined troops that were found necessary to keep it in order. Like all provinces reduced to bondage, it had not only to endure the iron hoofs of oppression, but was compelled to pay its oppressors for their trouble in trampling it down. Edmund Burke's espousal of its cause was the more honourable to him, because in the case of England he took other ground, believed the constitution perfect, and did not, like Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, agitate for parlia-

mentary reform.* In granting a minimum of favour to poor Ireland, it was amusing to hear Lord North declare that it had long been the wish of his heart to relieve and console that desolate land. The numerous petitions, he said, which had been presented against any such indulgence had hitherto been the obstacle in his way; but he did not remind the House how, in the war of coercion with America, he had for years been turning a deaf ear to the prayers of countless petitioners for peace. But Lord North, who would not listen to the cries of humanity and common sense, allowed himself, in his extreme sensibility to the voice of public opinion, to be quite overruled by the clamour of narrow-minded and intolerant bigots! It was time that his popularity should wane. Several symptoms of its decline had already been noticed. His increase of the land-tax to four shillings in the pound in 1775 had in some degree weakened his party. The warm debates on retrenchment in the public expenditure, in January and February 1780, warned him still more plainly of an approaching crisis; and when at last, in the month of April, Dunning made his motion that "the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished," Lord North was left by his adherents in a distressing minority. 233 members against 215 voted with Dunning; and his second motion, which set forth the competency of the House to examine into and correct abuses in every branch of the public revenue, was carried without a division. The fabric of North's power seemed to be toppling over, when Mr. Thomas Pitt shook it yet more violently by moving a resolution to the effect that immediate and effectual redress ought to be provided for the abuses complained of in petitions from all the counties and towns in the kingdom.

Lord North, however, found means to recover himself and retard his fall. His followers admired, and even loved him. He was endeared to his family as a most affectionate father and husband. He could bear invective without retort, and his good humour was never exhausted. His puns were not always of the best sort, but he could easily turn the laugh against his opponents. Lord Russell has preserved some amusing specimens of his ready wit, and they serve to explain the great influence he had in the House of Commons.† He was based too firmly on the royal will to be blown over by the breath of Burke's eloquence. Wit, poetry, and logic met together in that orator's elaborate speech on Economical Reform. He introduced the subject like an adept, and apologised for his boldness in the way most likely to obviate objections. But Burke did

* J. Burke. *Memoir of Edmund Burke.*

† Correspondence of Charles James Fox, vol. i. 121, 122.

not enjoy in his lifetime that popularity which has been awarded to him since his death. It is with some speeches as with some writing—the majority of those who hear the one and read the other cannot discover their merits until critics point them out. This was especially the case with Burke's oratory. There was too much in it for the mass of hearers. Its distinctions were too fine, its flowers too delicate, for the coarse handling of practical debaters. Country squires fell asleep under it, and mere place-hunters listened with fatigue to melodious gushings that filled Fox and Sheridan with delight. Burke's friend Dr. Goldsmith described him well when he said :

"Too deep for his hearers, Burke went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient ;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

Accordingly when Burke, with a profound knowledge of finance, laid before the House his luminous plan of reform in every branch of the revenue, proposed the amalgamation of some offices, the abolition of others, the better management of the Mint, the cutting down of pensions, the reduction of huge salaries and military expenses, members were astonished at the diligence and ability he displayed, but were far too deeply interested in the maintenance of such abuses to give him a helping hand, and bandage those "bleeding arteries of profusion." He half foresaw the fate of his salutary efforts. "I know it is common," he said, "at once to applaud and to reject all attempts of this nature. I know it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable; but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. O no, sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. But if we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on." Burke's measure of financial reform, though rejected at first, was carried out afterwards in many of its provisions. By the reduction, indeed, of the salary of the Paymaster, he himself lost subsequently 1300*l.* a year. His unflinching patriotism contributed greatly to Lord North's overthrow; and although that minister ob-

tained a momentary triumph by the sudden dissolution of Parliament 1780, the Opposition clamoured so loudly for peace with America, and the petitions for the same object which poured in upon the House were so numerous and urgent, that in March 1782 North announced his intention of resigning, to the great joy of a people who discovered too late how much wealth had been lavished, how much blood shed, to maintain a principle of very doubtful validity.

The reins of government were next intrusted to Lord Rockingham, whose integrity and enlightened views admirably qualified him for his high post. But death soon called him off the scene; and his successor, Lord Shelburne, was unable to win the entire confidence of the Whig leaders. He has the merit of having promoted the great William Pitt, whom he made Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Fox was unwilling to act with him, and in a few days he gave place to the Duke of Portland—the head of the Whigs. His Cabinet was one of coalition; and in the next number of this series I propose to give an outline of the character and career of its most distinguished member—Charles James Fox.

“Perlen deuten Thränen.”

[The following lines are a free translation of some French sentences written by the Comtesse Albert de la Ferronays (see the article “*The Story of Alexandrine*”), on selling a necklace of pearls for the benefit of the poor a few days before the death of her husband, which she knew was imminent. The pearls had been given her by her mother, who would not allow her to wear them on her wedding-day, on account of the belief expressed in the German proverb, “Pearls presage tears.” The French runs thus :

“Perles ! symboles des larmes !
Perles, larmes de la mer,
Recueillies avec larmes au fond de ses abîmes,
Portées souvent avec larmes au milieu des plaisirs du monde,
Quittées aujourd’hui avec larmes dans la plus grande des douleurs
terrestres,
Allez enfin sécher des larmes en vous changeant en pain !”]

PEARLS, by nature wrought to be
 Symbols of the tears we shed,—
Tear-drops of the moaning sea,
 Rain'd upon his rocking bed,—
Snatch'd with tears from Ocean's treasures—
 Worn with tears mid worldly pleasures—

Darkest depths of human woe
 Close around my shatter'd heart,
Tears have flow'd, and tears must flow—
 So in tears I bid you part :
That some fewer tears be shed,
 Go, and change yourselves to bread !

7.

A Stormy Life;
OR
QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANÇOISE DE DINANT.

In the evening I met Monseigneur Gilles in the Queen's withdrawing-room. (No cousins can love each other more than the King Henry and this prince, albeit their dispositions are very dissimilar.) As soon as he heard what Jeanne had written to me, his resolve was formed; he would go at once to Dinant.

For some time past I had observed that he was consumed by the desire to return to Brittany; and the injustice of his brother, who refused to repair the losses he had sustained from the King of France's dishonesty, and left him without any heritage, increased that desire. For he knew his uncle, the valiant Arthur de Richemont, loved him tenderly, and the people regarded him with no common affection.

"Too long, too long," he said, "I have been absent. Monseigneur my brother would have done me justice if I could have had speech with him. As to Arthur de Montauban, he is a caitiff, whom every virtuous person abhors. God knoweth, it is not the enmity only he bears me which moves me to oppose that man. From childhood he has been an evil spirit at the Duke's side. His mother was a Visconti, and from her he inherits the crafty, lying, seducing spirit of that race. Francis never committed a fault but this childish companion applauded it. He had never a virtuous intent but with infernal art he nipped it in the bud. With the face of an angel, he has the vices of a demon; and since the ducal crown has rested on his master's brow, he has surrounded him with associates which are his own creatures. He distils poison in his mind against his kindred, and chiefly against me; and the poison is so disguised, that its effects alone are visible. Pleasures he hath a marvellous skill in inventing; piety he scoffs at. The court of Vannes, once the most devout in Europe, groweth every day more licentious, and the sovereign more despised by a God-fearing people, the like of which doth not exist for loyalty, tempered by a generous freedom of soul. This message from the good demoiselle Jeanne confirms my resolve to return to Brittany, and the new hope it suggests I will not blight by unwholesome delays. The swiftest horse that can carry me to the coast, and the best sailing-vessel in which to cross the sea, shall now be my best helpers. I would be at Dinant before the Duke or

his favourite intercept my coming. Thou wilt pray for me, sweet Marguerite?"

"Yea, Monseigneur," I replied. And then, fearing he should rise, for I knew that I should never see him any more after that night, I added: "May God prosper your suit, and give you comfort in future years!"

He answered rather my thinking than my words when he said:

"Catherine de Rohan, her mother, is in greater repute of beauty than any lady in Brittany, and famed likewise for virtue; and Mes-sire Jacques de Dinant was the most valiant and honourable lord of the whole province, except my uncle the Connétable."

"You will see, Jeanne," I said; thinking I would fain be Jeanne, who would now enjoy the sight of him whom I should never more set eyes on.

"Good Jeanne!" he answered. "Our winsome *Jeanne qui rit*. By St. Ann, Madame Marguerite, those were happy days at Have-ring Bower, and I shall never forget them. You and Jeanne are my very good friends. Ah, do not weep, Marguerite."

"*Marguerite qui pleure* was my name," I said, trying to smile through my tears.

"Prithee do not weep," he again kindly said.

"*Je n'en peut mais*," I answered, as he had taught us to do in our childish sports.

Then he kissed my hand, and said, "Adieu, Marguerite."

That night he took leave of the King and Queen, who parted with him with exceeding great grief. But what grief was like unto mine?

Monseigneur once told me that when he was about to be born, the Duchess his mother said to the holy man Vincent Ferrier, "I beseech your reverence to pray that this my infant may live to be baptised." Whereupon the good saint (for such he was held to be) made the sign of the cross upon her, and answered: "Content thee, my daughter. This child shall live to be baptised, and moreover be a martyr." Alas, this prediction doth haunt me. He added, that his mother was wont to remind him of it, when his passionate and vehement nature showed itself in childhood. "Ah, sweet son," she would say; "I ween that through much tribulation thou shalt reach heaven, if God does thee that good at the last; and so the holy man's words shall be fulfilled."

The days went by, and each that passed without tidings of his arrival at Dinant seemed long and heavy to me. At last I received this packet from Jeanne by the same hand as before; and these were its contents:

"MY ENTIRELY BELOVED FRIEND,—What hath happened is so singular and so sudden, it involves so great fears and so great hopes, doubts and contentment mingled with uneasiness,—that I can ill describe the various emotions I have experienced, nor in my own thinking résolvé which of these sentiments most prevail in me at this time. That which I most desired has come to pass, but in such

wise as I should indeed not have desired. I would not undo what is done, yet would fain it had not been done. I rejoice in trembling; I grieve, and yet am glad. But no longer will I keep thee in suspense, but plainly, and as shortly as I can, relate the haps of the last days which have worked in me these manifold and opposed sentiments.

Tuesday last week Dame Catherine sent for me, which she does often in the day, and always when any thing disturbs her more than usual. She is the most dependent person on others that can be conceived—a very weathercock for changeableness, yet stubborn in her bent sometimes. I found her much vexed by a letter she had received from the Duke of Brittany, which expressed a hope—from a sovereign, it read like a command—that the hand of her daughter should be speedily bestowed on the Count Arthur de Montauban, than which a more honourable gentleman and leal subject did not exist. And that this marriage of the sole child of his well-beloved Messire Jacques de Dinant to one which he likewise held as one of his dearest friends would yield him so great contentment, that nothing should exceed the favour he would show to the Count and his young wife. And much more in that strain.

"Jeanne, what shall I do?" quoth Madame Catherine. "Here is the Duke resolved on this contract. I shall die if Françoise must espouse this man, which her father disliked more than any other person in the world; but if the Duke and he are determined to compass it, what can I do?"

Then she began to weep and wring her hands in a piteous manner. The sight of great bursts of grief doth not work in me the compassion which some feel at these explosions. Over-softness in others works in me a singular hardness and excess of passion, a notable coldness; and my cousin's lamentations, howsoever well founded, awaken in me—I cry mercy for it!—a greater resentment of her folly than pity for her grief. This uncharitableness is, I know, very wicked; but there are persons which seem created to tempt others to this sin; and if this was the end of Madame de Rohan's coming into the world, she hath then fulfilled her destiny as far as I am concerned.

When she had bewailed herself for some time, and cried out that she was the most miserable person in the whole world, and asked many times what she should do, yet never listened to an answer, I at last said, in the deliberate manner which commands a hearing, "Madame, you must needs act with courage: call to your aid the Connétable de Richemont; advise with Monseigneur Pierre and his holy consort. If it must be so, appeal to the Estates of Brittany and the King of France; but never yield an inch on a point wherein the weal of your child and your own honour are concerned."

But, alas, all the blowing in the world cannot elicit a spark of fire from damp wood; nor can any stirring evoke an effort of courage from a timid soul. I had as lief deal with lewd persons as with those in whom virtue hath no strength. Catherine de Rohan's merits are like the wheat which grows on the rock; fair for a while,

but lacking the depth of soil which furnishes endurance when the heat of trial arises. She loves to be compassionated. She must needs be always caressed. Her blue eyes solicit pity—her tears flow in graceful showers. She was a fair and useless ornament in a brave man's home; but now its prop hath fallen, what stay shall she afford that house? Averse to yield, but afraid to oppose the Duke, she spent two days in vain complaints; on the third the paper was spread before her, and she held her pen musingly, unresolved yet what to write, though she had kept the Duke's messenger waiting two whole days and nights! Then she said she should go to Vannes to see him; that her tears would move him to desist from his request.

"Yea," I replied somewhat angrily, for I knew if she went what the upshot would be,—"yea, go to see him, and on the morrow Françoise will be betrothed to the miscreant whom Messire Jacques would have slain if he had dared only to think on her."

O, what an injured countenance she then assumed, exceedingly meek and pitiful, and cried that I little knew a mother's heart, which, when her child is concerned, will face a lion or a tiger!

"A painted lion," I answered, "or a caged tiger at a fair." These were, I know, unkind words; but, i'faith, I could not restrain them. It made me mad to hear her utter these fine speeches, and to see the while she had not more courage wherewith to defend her daughter than a mouse or a hare.

Whilst we were thus disputing, she with querulous complaints, and I with angry reproaches, of a sudden we heard the sound of horses' feet in the court beneath the windows; and as I was going to look what this arrival should be, Françoise ran into the chamber, and said,

"Madame Maman, a beau sire, on a fine black horse, hath come to the front door. Who is he?"

There followed a brief suspense, during which a cold fear seized me. It is Arthur de Montauban, I thought, or it may be the Duke to plead the cause of his favourite, and then all is lost. But when the constable of the castle announced Monseigneur Gilles de Bretagne, I was as near fainting as I ever was in my life, the surprise and joy was so sudden.

"Ah, monseigneur, you are very welcome," Madame Catherine exclaimed, with one of her most sweet looks.

Mademoiselle de Dinant—Heaven bless her!—put out her little hand when he turned towards her, expecting he would kiss it, as many are wont to do. But kneeling before her, he said to her mother, "Do you permit me to embrace my little cousin, madame?"

"Yea, monseigneur, you will greatly honour her," Madame Catherine replied.

Upon which he kisses Mademoiselle Françoise on both the cheeks; and she, as if she had conceived a sudden liking for the prince, threw her little arms round his neck, and kept him a while stooping to her height. Then rising, he took her by the hand (she nothing loth) and led her to her mother.

" You grant her to me?" he said, with his bewitching smile.
" She is mine from this day forward?"

Madame Catherine did not gainsay him, but called him her fair son, and showed great contentment at his coming and at his suit.

Then the prince said, looking at me, " Is that my good friend Jeanne?" and greeted me as a sister. His visage is but little altered, and his heart not at all, since the days that we were all at Haver-ing Bower.

By her mother's orders I led the little damoiselle into the garden, which stands, thou must know, between the palace and the court, which in its turn opens by one gate upon the town, and by the other on the open fields towards Rennes.

For an hour or more monseigneur conversed with Madame Catherine. When he came out his brow was clouded, and his aspect changed.

" O beau sire," Françoise exclaimed, " see, they have led your horse to the gate. Let me ride with you once round the court, as I was wont to do with Messire Jacques, my good father."

" Yea, Mademoiselle Françoise," the prince replied, " so you shall, if it please you. But will you not be so gracious as first to gather for me a posy of yon sweet flowers to carry to my lady-love?"

The little damsel pouted her pretty lips, and said, " I will be your lady-love, and none other shall you have."

" So you shall, Mamie," he answered smiling. " You are my lady-love, and none other shall I have."

" Then," she cried, clapping her hands, " I will gather for you the most fair posy can be seen."

And like a butterfly she flew from one bush to another collecting roses.

Then monseigneur said to me, " The noble lady yonder, Jeanne, will she match in cunning Arthur de Montauban?"

" Nay, monseigneur; nor even one of his pigeons, I ween."

" Hath she the virtue of courage, or the courage of virtue?"

" Neither one nor the other. She cannot so much as conceive what courage signifies."

" But will not her love for her child furnish her with it when it comes to a struggle?"

" Monseigneur, in weak natures love partakes of the general feebleness."

" Does she verily detest Arthur de Montauban?"

" Her hatred is real, but persistency even in hatred implies some kind of strength."

" She says she desires above all things a contract of marriage betwixt her daughter and me. Is this true?"

" Yea, true as the gospel at this time. More true to-day than it was yesterday, or than it shall be to-morrow, if your grace is out of sight. If she sees the Duke and his minion, it may soon not be true at all."

" If an event is accomplished, will she long lament it?"

"Not long, unless she lacks a theme for lamentation; and then any hap will furnish it."

The prince sat down, and on his countenance anxious expressions flitted like clouds on a sunny sky. He held his head in his hands, then walked to and fro in a restless manner, his eyes glancing now towards the court, now over the fields which lie behind the palace, now on Françoise, as she wandered about the garden; and I marvel not that he should have gazed on the little damoiselle with pleasure and admiration. She is the most lovely child imaginable; her complexion fair and delicate, her eyes blue, but of a more dark blue than her mother's. Each vein in her temples is visible through the transparent whiteness of her skin. Her slender neck is most graceful, and her hair of the most beautiful golden hue that can be thought of. The parterre rang with her sweet laughter the while she was gathering flowers and conversing with herself half in speech and half in song; and when holding up her kirtle full of roses with both her hands, her cheeks flushed with running and her eyes beaming with joy, she came to us, I heard Monseigneur Gilles say in a loud voice, speaking between his teeth,

"No, forsooth and forsooth, this angel shall never belong to that caitiff!"

"Beau sire," the little maiden said, "I would that these roses would change into bread in my lap, like it happened to the good Madame Ste. Elisabeth, for then I would feed your black horse when he has carried us round the court."

"You are not afraid to ride with me, Mademoiselle Françoise?" the prince said.

"No, no, beau sire," she cried, "if you will hold me fast with one arm, as my father used to do."

"Never fear, petite madame," he answered, "I will hold thee fast, and never let thee go."

I was half afraid to let her ride, and urged she should not trouble monseigneur; but neither he nor she would listen to me: she clung to his hand, jumping as they walked along. When we reached the gate, the constable of the castle was standing by the side of the prince's horse.

"Bon ami, I am going to ride," Françoise cried.

He shook his head, and said mademoiselle was too bold; but when Monseigneur Gilles was in the saddle, she stamped her foot and cried, "Lift me up to ride."

Then M. de Maulévrier placed her upon the horse before the prince, and all the roses she held in her hand fell to the ground. She exclaimed, "O, my roses!"

I stooped to pick them up. The next instant I heard her say, "Hold me fast, beau sire." I looked up, and saw Messire Gilles dash his spurs into his steed, and then like a flash of lightning pass through the portal out of the court.

In the presence of the old constable, the esquires, and serving men, and of me who stood rooted to the ground in speechless fear and amazement, he had carried off Françoise. I heard her mother

scream—a rushing of persons to and fro, loud cries of alarm, and could not move, I was so wildered with this hap. No one, I ween, knew what to say or do, and least of all Madame Catherine. She was too much consternated to think of any fine speech then.

"Whither hath he carried her?" she kept crying. "What hath he done with my Françoise? You said he would befriend me, and he plays the part of a cruel enemy. He robs me of my child. Bid them pursue that wicked man. Where is the constable?"

"Madame," I said, "be calm;" but mine own heart beat so fast, that I almost lacked the ability to speak. "Here is the constable to take your orders. Reassure him, I pray you. Tell your household . . ." I stopped bewildered, for verily I knew not what to advise.

"Speak to them, Jeanne," she cried, pointing to the attendants, who stood aghast, waiting for a sign of her will. I saw she was like to faint; so I collected my thoughts and said, "Good friends, the prince hath committed an unwarrantable action, but with no dis-honourable intent, as you will, I doubt not, soon perceive. Your lady, Madame Catherine, promised this day to Monseigneur Gilles the hand of Mademoiselle de Dinant."

"Nay, Jeanne!" my cousin exclaimed.

"Nay, madame," I interrupted; "I hold him not therefore excused."

"We are losing time," old Armand de Maulévrier cried, his pale visage flushing with indignant resentment: "whither shall we ride, mesdames? to Rennes, or to the coast?"

In sooth we could not tell; and at the mention of the coast, Madame de Rohan shrieked, and cried she should die if her daughter was carried beyond seas. The constable rode out with the garrison of Dinant, and scoured the country; but no tidings could be heard of the prince and the child, except that some peasants had seen one riding like the wind, plunge into the forest behind the town, after which all clue to them was lost. The greatest fear she entertained was that Monseigneur Gilles should have carried Françoise to England, which she would have it was a barbarous country. Verily my disquiet equalled hers, for I apprehended many terrible results should ensue from so rash an action. It pierced my heart with a twofold anguish to hear this poor creature bemoan herself, and accuse the prince of cruelty and horrible craft in robbing her of her child, which he verily had done, albeit with no evil intent I felt assured; and of this I tried to persuade her. But she would take no comfort from any thing I said; until on the morrow a messenger came from the castle of Gualdo with a letter addressed to "Haute et puissante dame Catherine de Rohan, the well-beloved mother of my most entirely loved wife Françoise de Dinant." This was what the prince wrote; and the while I transcribe his words I marvel that one so good and God-fearing, and of so tender a heart, should have done so great a wrong as this to steal a child from her mother; albeit I conceive some excuse can be found in the suddenness of the act, and the fear he had that through weakness Madame Catherine

should ruin his designs and her own, to the no small injury of them all. Be that as it may, this was his letter :

The Castle of Gualdo, 11th of January 1445.

MADAME AND MOST WELL-BELOVED MOTHER,—In the humblest manner in my power (and verily I should wish to kneel at your feet to beseech this pardon) I entreat you to forgive your poor loving son and husband now of your most fair and gentle daughter Madame Françoise, for the fear, pain, and sorrow I have caused you, whom I most desire to love, honour, and serve as long as I live. Mother, I beseech you to command me in every thing; and as you were most willing I should wed your daughter, so now be not angry with me that I have prevented long and dangerous delays by contracting marriage with her this day in the presence of many weighty and honourable persons. I ween this lady is not more meanly married than you should wish her to be; and I shall always and at all seasons be ready to accomplish, with God's grace, whatever shall most be for her advantage and yours, whom I hold to be, next to her, the dearest person to me on earth. It was full sore against my will that I so much offended you, as I must needs have done, in this matter; and I shall be most glad of any man alive if you will overlook the bad doing of that which you desired should be done, only not in this wise, and speedily come hither to my wife and your child, who says she would be the most contented little madame in the world if her lady mother and her good Jeanne were here. If you will do me this good, then I shall be absolved of any notable offence in this matter; for every one then shall see that as you received me yestereve as your son with many gracious and endearing terms, so now you accept me for your daughter's husband and your most faithful and loving servant in all which you shall command me.

I have taken this paper whereon I write to Françoise, who is playing with a doll, which the majordomo's children have dressed to simulate a queen, and she stayed her playing awhile to write these words : " Madame maman, prithee come here. Gualdo is a very fair castle. I had a long and glesome ride with Monseigneur Gilles yestereve, and this morn we have been to church to be married. I like to be his wife, but I want my good mother and Jeanette."

Madame and dear mother, God seeth my heart. When last night I went into Madame Dorac's chamber to look at Françoise asleep, I knelt down by the side of the little bed wherein, like the fair image of a carved saint, she reposed, and made a vow, which He heard, that I would always worship her from this time forth, first as a tender, playful father, and then a loving husband, until death us do part; and in token thereof reverently kissed her little hand, which lay on the bedclothes all beautiful and white. Now the small finger of that fair hand wearcth the nuptial ring in token of plighted troth. I confess and deny not that her broad lands and much dowry allured my ambitious hopes; but trust me, lady, I would now liefer forego them all than possess them and yield Françoise to my brother's minion. Every thread of her golden hair is a sacred link about my

heart. The sight of her moves me to pray. The thought of her brings heaven to my thinking, and chases evil from me like a good spell. God forgive me if, as I misdoubt, I committed a sin in the stealing of my promised bride ; but now I will serve God, and be a meet guardian for this angel. If you come hither, all shall be well. I pray God to move you to do me and Françoise and yourself so great a good. Almighty God have you in His keeping !

Your loving humble son and servant,

GILLES DE BRETAGNE.

This letter changed the current of Dame Catherine's thoughts, and straightly reconciled her to Monseigneur Gilles. Now she forgave him more easily than I could do. She was both glad that Françoise was married to a royal prince, and greatly comforted that the Duke nor any one else could reproach her with any complicity therein. If he is angered at it (which is almost incredible, for this marriage brings great estates into his family, and makes his brother rich and puissant without loss to himself), she can then plead that she has been compelled thereunto, and made, as the proverb says, virtue of necessity. So we went to Gualdo that day, and Françoise and her lord were, I ween, right glad to see us. She flew into her mother's arms, and he fell at her feet, shedding tears of joy. Methought the embracing and fine speeches would never end. Madame Françoise begged of me a holyday because she was married. I foresee I shall have some trouble with her royal highness. She pouts a little when I call her to her lessons ; and when I said there were rods at Gualdo as well as at Dinant, she answered, Monseigneur her husband would order them all to be burnt if she asked him. I know not the thing he would not do at her request, he is so fond of the petite madame. So I use other ingenious methods to reduce her to obedience, exhorting her to be staid and reasonable, as befits a married princess ; and she is so apt and toward a child, that these means suffice to move her to correct her faults. Ah, beloved Marguerite, 'tis strange, after so long a lapse of time, to live again under the same roof as Monseigneur Gilles ! I had often said to the good God that I prayed Him to take from me all happiness in this world, if only I might one day serve this prince in some notable manner ; and methinks if I can train his wife so that she shall be a comfort to him when she cometh to years of discretion, I shall have been heard therein. But I beseech you, good friend, cease not to be his bedeswoman, and to crave the like of other devout persons, so that no evil shall happen to him in consequence of this marriage, which I sometimes fear will bring no good with it. For doth not the holy Paul say, "Do not ill that good may come thereof" ? and this saying troubles me not a little. Françoise was sitting on his knee one day, when I perceived her countenance waxed sad ; and laying her soft cheek against his bearded one, she said, "Ah, my good prince — my poor prince !" and there was somewhat mournful in her utterance of these words which pained my heart very much. An old man who lives in a neighbouring forest, and has showings of the future, hath told me

that once, when he was in prayer, he had a vision of Monseigneur's visage pale and livid, and like to one who gasps for breath. God help us all ! At the last pardon, strange persons were seen lurking about the castle, which some took to be spies. I pray thee have a Mass said at the shrine of our Lady of Everingham for the prince and his little wife. The Holy Trinity have thee in His keeping !

"Thy loving friend and servant to command,
" JEANNE DE KERSABIEC."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLOUD OF THE SIZE OF A MAN'S HAND.

JEANNE's letter filled me with manifold apprehensions, which would have wholly captured my thoughts, had they not been forcibly engaged at that period by events at home of grave and dire import. The Queen told me one day, as a great secret, that it was soon intended to summon Parliament to meet at Edmondsbury. When I inquired wherefore there sooner than in London, she laid her finger on her lip, as if to caution me not to speak freely on that point. But in another moment she said :

"Great events are at hand, Meg. In sooth, the old enemy's power is waxing too great."

"What, the devil's?" I said.

"Nay, nay," she replied, laughing. "Albeit I deny not that the enemy I speak of hath a diabolical spirit."

"Does your majesty speak of the Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yea, I do. York is horribly discontented because Somerset is regent of France in his stead, and letters and interviews have passed betwixt him and our uncle of Gloucester, which give reason to apprehend some treason to be hatching in the realm. Nay, not apprehensions only, but rather proofs of this exist."

"Good Lord! And what is then to be done?" I asked, dismayed.

"Much," the Queen answered. "But the first step is this Parliament at Bury."

"Hath the Cardinal advised this?"

"The Cardinal is no longer accessible to worldly thoughts. He still repeats, if spoken to by any one he cannot refuse to answer, that there shall be no safety for the King or for me, or for this realm, whilst the Duke hath power. This he will maintain with his last breath, and that if he has to appear to-day at God's judgment-seat, he fears no condemnation for this part of his conduct, albeit many other sins he shall have to answer for; but otherwise he is absorbed in the expectation of death. Hast thou not heard how last week he rehearsed his own funeral, and lay on his coffin in the Cathedral at Winchester, his hands joined on his breast, whilst the clergy and the monks sung over him a funeral dirge as though he had been already dead? Then afterwards his will was read, in which he bequeathes all he has to the poor, excepting two hundred pounds to the King,

who will not, I know, accept it. When it was mentioned to him, he answered, ‘that he would not touch his money, for he had ever been a most kind uncle to him, and all he left behind him should go to the poor, which was what would most benefit his soul, and he prayed to God to reward him.’ The day after this solemn office a High Requiem Mass was said, and then the Cardinal took leave of all his friends, and was carried back to his chamber. But after we return from Bury I hope to go to Wolvesey, for I would fain receive a final blessing from this dear friend, who hath been a father, more than an uncle to me.”

I did not accompany the Queen to Bury, whither she went a short time after this conversation, for it was not my turn then to wait upon her majesty; but her grace favoured me with a letter immediately after her arrival, in which she said that all the commonalty of Suffolk had assembled there in defensible array. The Parliament had met that day in the refectory of St. Edmund’s abbey, and the first matter brought forward was the exchange of her revenues of 4,666*l.* 13*s.* out of the customs for certain lands and hereditaments settled on her for life, which pleased her not a little. The next day to the one on which I had received her majesty’s favour, it happened that in the maids of honour’s chamber at Westminster I was sitting with Lady Isabel Butler, Mary Beaumont, and some other persons. Tidings had reached England of Monseigneur Gilles’s marriage and the manner of it; and the Lady Isabel, who hath always borne him ill-will, because he is a French prince, and their majesties greatly affection him, related the story in an ill-natured manner. She said common men had been hung for less crimes than the one this beau sire had committed. “For is not a man gibbeted,” quoth she, “for stealing a horse or even a sheep, —sometimes for killing a deer or only a fox in a nobleman’s park? but here is a prince which, in a forcible and brutal manner, robs a mother of her child—not for any affection which he entertains for the damsel—for I pray you, doth a man of more years than twenty care for a wench of seven years of age?—no, but for the lands and towns she owns, he forces a marriage with her against her mother’s will, who is a widow, and therefore without defence. If this offence doth not cry to Heaven for vengeance, I know not what sin should do so.”

I was opening my lips to defend the prince from this slanderous charge, yet feeling sorely wounded at heart that he should have been so rash as to colmit an action which none could justify, albeit much may be advanced to excuse it; but before I could speak the door opened, and Mr. Cotton, one of the gentlemen of the Queen’s household, burst into the room and cried:

“Ladies, news have arrived from Bury, at the which men hold their breath. What think you has happened?”

“Nought to the King or Queen?” several exclaimed at once.

“No, God be praised!” he cried; “but the Duke of Gloucester is arrested on the charge of high treason, and committed to close custody.”

We stood speechless—some for one reason, some for another. I was seized with a great terror, for methought this looked like the beginning of an endless trouble. Thinking of the Queen's youth, her sway over the King, the uneasy state of the kingdom, which I heard of from persons outside the Court; and my Lord Cardinal on his death-bed, who had been the main stay of their majesties' counsils up to that time, my heart misgave me. Even amongst the Queen's household there existed great disaffection to her favourite noblemen, if not to herself; and strong symptoms thereof were not lacking on this occasion. Lady Isabel's countenance grew as black as thunder, and she said with passion: "God forgive those which have done this foul wrong to a prince of the blood!"

This reminds me how often words are used which convey a different meaning than the poor words themselves should have. As one says to another, "Much good may it do thee!" or, like in this case, "God forgive you!" and all the while hath no desire good should ensue or mercy be shown to the offenders. Mary Beaumont's irascible spirit resented her companion's speech, and she exclaimed:

"God be praised, treason is discovered in time, and justice overcomes traitors!"

Her thanksgiving incensed Lady Isabel as much as she herself had been angered at that lady's pious desire; and from the lips of both there flowed an abundance of retorting speeches touching the chief persons of the State, and even the King and Queen; which were very unseemly in that place.

In a few days I was sent for by the Queen to Bury. If my fancy erred not, her mien and behaviour had become somewhat different from what I had hitherto observed in her. Till then she had not indeed lacked decision of manner, but it was rather that of a petted child or indulged woman resolved to have her will, than the commanding aspect of a sovereign. Though only seventeen years of age and slight in form, the majesty of her countenance and carriage had noticeably increased. She looked like one who could bear on her young brow the whole weight of a crown.

"Meg," she said when I came in, "the battle is engaged—the gauntlet thrown down. Since my coming to England I have had to fight, as one might say, in the dark. I have been the object of shameful attacks from the Duke's party, and, like one pinioned, could not return the blows. At last the King is convinced of their treachery, which he was very loth to credit. The coast is now clear, and I feel mine own power. When the act was done, and the warrant for Gloucester's arrest signed, I for the first time felt I was a queen."

I replied, "Madame, God send that this course proves safe and prosperous for this country; for men will surely lay it, if otherwise, to your majesty's charge."

"I care not what men say," she answered; "nor do I deny my part in this bold deed; but Somerset and Suffolk, Shrewsbury, Beaumont, and Worcester, all advised it. The proofs are indisputable that the Duke has been corresponding with York. Because I

have as yet no children, they plot as to who shall succeed the King, and without his knowledge devise his crown as they list. Ah! they counted without their host, as we say in France; without the Queen, as they shall find in England."

In this strain she talked whenever I saw her; and on the morning of the 7th of March, as she was sitting at her toilet-table, her maids dressing her hair, she spoke in French with me on the same theme. She looked at herself in the mirror, and, smiling, said, "Meg, I would give those black eyes, which men say are so beautiful, those features, which painters declare nothing can excel (here she shrugged her shoulders with a pretty indifference), for more ability, more patience, more cunning. Those qualities, I warrant you, I need; for even in his prison the Duke is a powerful enemy. York and Warwick, that young baron for whom hundreds of Nevilles would fight and die, are at large. A party of turbulent nobles, the lewd burgesses of London, the wicked Lollards, which blaspheme and rebel, he secretly and from his durance leads and impels. O, my Lord of Gloucester, it is a combat *à la vie et à la mort* between you and Marguerite d'Anjou! Which shall conquer?"

She shook her hand in defiance, and, with her raven hair hanging about her shoulders, and her countenance fired with passion, she looked very beautiful. At that moment the King entered her chamber paler than was his wont, with an inexpressible sorrowful look on his face; he walked up to her and took her two hands in his own. "Good wife," he said in a faltering voice, "a miserable hap has befallen us,—mine uncle Gloucester is dead."

"How? where?" gasped the Queen.

"Found dead in his bed. O Jesu, have mercy on his soul!" the King exclaimed, and began to weep.

"He hath not been foully dealt with?" the Queen asked in a wild manner.

"There are no marks of violence on his body. But his soul! O God, his soul! Would to God he had not thus died!"

The Queen was shivering; then she burst forth crying, "They will say he was murdered, and his death shall be more fatal to us than his life. Dead! O death, death, *this* is thy victory, *this* is thy sting. Hatred dies before a corpse. Heavens," she exclaimed, starting up, "but wherefore do we delay to speak and to act at this crisis? Where is Lord Suffolk? Sire, the Duke's body must be this instant carried to the Parliament chamber, and let all the world witness that no violence hath been committed. Yes, let the English gaze on their dead idol." Then she wrung her hands, and cried passionately, "O Duke of Gloucester, I would fain see you alive again; for I have wished your death, and when such wishes are granted they affright the soul." She turned to the King. He was sitting with one hand supporting his face, and the other resting on his knee. I noticed a strange fixity of expression in his gaze, as if he beheld something to us invisible, with no grief or horror, but an indescribable steadfastness of contemplation, which methought had in it somewhat either above or beside

what was natural. The Queen looked anxiously upon him, and spoke to him twice or thrice before he answered her. At the last she said, "Sweet my lord, come to the chapel, where Mass will be said for the repose of the Duke's soul." Then he seemed to awake, and uttered the words, "*Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine,*" and walked straight with her to the chapel.

Not long afterwards his Eminence the Cardinal died also, and the King and the Queen mourned long and bitterly for him. A more gentle spirit than I had yet observed in her showed itself at this time in her majesty. Her fear that the Duke of Gloucester had met with foul play (it was bruted about that he had been murdered; without any warrantable grounds indeed, but with so much animosity and bold assertion that she herself was accused of being privy to it) tormented her very much. Master Waynfleet came then to Court. The very day of the Cardinal's death the King sent for him, and addressed these words to him: "Master William, should you obtain a benefice by our favour, do you look to be able to retain it?" Master Waynfleet replied he would do with diligence whatever the King should order. "Then," quoth his Majesty, "our will and order is that you should be Bishop of Winchester;" and, without suffering him to speak any more, he sent the *congé-d'élu* to the chapter of the cathedral with an earnest commendation of his right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Master William Waynfleet, the provost of Eton. There was not one dissentient voice amongst the canons; and a deputation was sent to the new bishop, who had heard of his election with a very heavy heart, for he affectionated his college and the peacefulness thereof beyond any honours. This good prelate was of so humble and affable a disposition, that the most adverse persons of all parties set store by him. He was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, and his favourite prayer and chief study had ever been the hymn Magnificat. His life and behaviour proved, I ween, a true commentary on our Lady's words, and copy of her example. He hid himself for some hours from the deputies, and spent the time in fasting and prayer. At sunset, they found him lying prostrate before the altar of the college chapel. I think he must have said as he rose and followed them, "Behold the servant of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." To this prelate the Queen disclosed her conscience, and derived much comfort from his wholesome counsels. She thought more of religion than at any previous time of her life, and laboured hard to bring about the continuance of peace with France, and to promote in this country the establishment of useful trades and manufactures to benefit the poor people, and also commenced the foundation of Queen's College in Cambridge, which was dedicated to the honour of Almighty God, and placed under the tutelage of her patron St. Margaret, and of St. Bernard. Sir John Wenlock laid the first stone thereof, with this inscription on it in Latin: "The Lord shall be a refuge to our sovereign lady Queen Margaret, and this stone shall be a token of the same."

She laboured very hard at that time to reconcile enmities and

win over adverse persons. The gay spirits she had hitherto evinced were exchanged for a thoughtful demeanour, and her lightsome mood seldom returned after the Duke of Gloucester's death. Many persons noticed this change, and some, I think, ascribed it to some sort of remorse of conscience touching that mysterious event; but I am not of that opinion. Some other cause, I well know, worked that effect. She prayed more after that day, and began again to write on her tablets. Perceiving her to be thus employed, I said on one occasion, "Madame, may not the keeper of your journal transcribe what you have written?" She shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears. One by one she tore the leaves and cast them into the fire. "These are not pages," she said in a low voice, "which any eyes, not even yours, good Meg, may see; but the old habit of writing relieves the pent-up heart."

She gazed silently at the parched and shrivelling scroll, and heaved so deep a sigh that, falling down on my knees, I said, "O madame, discharge your soul of its burthen. Your majesty may trust one who loves you so entirely as your poor servant."

She answered, trying to smile, "I am vexed with those crabbed English mercers, who jalouse my silk weavers which I have sent for from the Low Countries. They say these poor creatures injure their trade, and that a like privilege was never before granted to women, which I misdoubt; and if it is true, why then methinks a bad custom should be no hindrance to a good work."

"Madame," I said again,—and indeed in the writing of it I am ashamed to have been so bold,—"I know it is not this quarrel which grieves you. I cry mercy for my foolishness; but I pray your majesty excuse the license of the tongue, which wags at the bidding of a leal heart."

"Meg," the Queen answered kindly, taking my hand, "if aught grieves me more than usual, it is only—" Then she stopped short. "It is only," she resumed, "what I never can so much as utter in any ear but his who shrives me. The Bishop of Winchester shall soon be here; and if he comforts me, all shall be well."

When the Bishop came, her majesty confessed to him. Afterwards I thought her gravity, when she was alone, increased, as did also her application to State affairs. One or two other changes I also noticed. She had been wont till that time to express sometimes impatience when the King went often to Eton, or made pilgrimages to holy places out of London; but now she seemed well pleased he should follow his devout bent, and procured him books from France of entertainment and devotion. When she was in his company, she seemed the most happy person in the world, and as merry as she ever had been; but when he went abroad without her, I have seen her eyes follow him, as he rode out, with a wistful expression; and then suddenly breaking, as it were, from her thinking, she sent for the ministers, and held long conferences with them touching questions of peace and war, and the internal government of the kingdom. Sometimes she spent the whole night in reading State papers and

reports, which I heard the King once with much tenderness reprove. She smiled most sweetly, as was always her wont when he spoke to her, but said she must needs employ some hours in study, which in the day she had no leisure for, or she should forget her learning. She tried in the evenings to engage the King to play at chess with her, and at prime, in which she excelled; but he had no liking for these diversions. His chief entertainment was to plan new colleges or hospitals for his poor subjects, or compute means for more abundant almsgiving from his exhausted treasury. "Come, good wife," he would say, "exercise thy great wit, which God our Lord hath given thee, to devise help for these great needs;" and then he showed her letters from destitute persons, and compassed measures for their relief. And on the days of his father and mother's deaths, and other members of his family, he made with her solemn offerings for their souls. When the griefs which she heard of at that time excelled human ability to assist, or the Lollards committed sacrifices, which of all things pained him the most, methinks she used ingenious artifices to conceal the tidings as far as she was able from his knowledge. Once when she refused to present to him a petition from some town wherein many had died of hunger and had lacked assistance, so that they had been almost distraught with suffering of body and soul, the Archbishop of Canterbury exclaimed,

"Madame, you enjoin silence, and would spare the King the recital of these woes; yet I doubt not his majesty would find some means to aid the sufferers, and would not desire to be ignorant of his subjects' dismal plight."

"O my lord," she quickly exclaimed, "the King's heart is too great for his ability." Then she seemed to fear to be misunderstood, for a crimson colour rushed into her cheeks, and she added, "for the ability of his purse, my lord, which ill matches that of his heart and of his head."

O Deus meus! Deus meus! I think I see a cloud of the size of a man's hand, which may one day obscure the whole sky of the Queen's life; but hardly in mine own thinking, much less on paper, dare I give the frightful phantom a defined shape. And, now I think of it, some of the Nevilles have uttered in my hearing words which, as I recal their sense by the light of this fear, cause me an inward sickness of heart.

CHAPTER XV.

NEWS FROM BRITTANY.

In the month of April of the same year I received the letter I now transcribe :

Jeanne de Kersabiec to the Lady Margaret de Roos.

"I recommend me unto you, my good friend, and write in great haste from Nantes, where I would to God we did not abide, but whence I can send you a letter with better convenience than from

the Castle of Gualdo, where indeed it may easily happen we never return. Since I last wrote to you, very angry letters have passed betwixt Monseigneur Gilles and his brother the Duke of Brittany, wherein the latter charged him with many crimes besides the offence he committed in the enlèvement of Mademoiselle de Dinant, accusing him moreover of high treason against himself. The Connétable de Richemont and Monseigneur Pierre reasoned with the Duke, and pacified him for a while with many assurances that Monseigneur Gilles had never so much as thought of any treason in this matter; that dame Catherine de Rohan was well pleased he should marry her daughter; and that great mutual advantages would be derived from this union. Arthur de Montauban, when he found his master inclined to a reconciliation with his brother, now urged, I cannot choose but think with a cruel artifice, that an interview should take place betwixt them here at Nantes, where the Court was to remain at this time. He well knows that fire and water agree not more ill than those two brothers, and that the poisonous oil of his own discourse falling on the flame of kindred discord would easily cause it to burn fiercely. So nothing would serve him but to persuade the Duke to invite Monseigneur Gilles to bring his young wife to the Court. My heart misgave me when this summons came, but I dared not to disclose my thoughts, and followed my little princess to this place. Her mother's mourning and weak health kept her at home, and Madame Françoise d'Amboise assumed the care of her young sister-in-law. In the midst of the feasts, tournaments, and diversions of this Court she leads a life so pure and holy, as if the palace was a cloister and the world a school of virtue. Though she is so beautiful that none can look on her without admiration, there is not so bold a gallant on earth which should dare to utter in her presence the least unseemly word. I saw her come into the Duke's presence holding my little princess by the hand; and albeit so different in age, one looked not more pure and innocent than the other. All the nobles of Brittany were there assembled, and the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Spain. All eyes were rivetted on the fair child, of whom all had heard and none had yet seen her. Like a guardian angel, her young noble godmother led her to the Duke's feet and presented her to him. 'Another Françoise,' he said smiling. 'Another sister,' she gently replied. 'Monseigneur, embrassez-la.' Then the Duke saluted his little kinswoman, and a murmur of applause rose in the hall. I then saw a face which, if I was to live until doomsday, I should not lose the memory of. I divined whose it was, and I watched it with an admixture of fear and admiration. I have heard that in Naples there is an evil charm which some carry in their eye, and misfortune falls on whosoever these persons look upon. This Arthur de Montauban—for it was he—has, I think, this fatal spell in his gaze; the very beauty of his visage I disliked with no common aversion, and the lurking devilry in his smile made my blood run cold. I saw him and Monseigneur Gilles meet that day, and noticed the flush of the latter's cheek, and the deadly paleness of his foe. It was a wise scheme, alas, to launch

an enemy on this uncertain sea of a court, and by false pilotry to mislead him amidst its shoals. This is the work which this son of an Italian woman with feminine malice pursues and succeeds in, I trow. O Marguerite ! the rashness, the imprudence which marked the early years of Monseigneur Gilles doth but increase as life advances. The Duke's suspicious resentful temper is like unto a heap of combustible material, upon which his brother's outbursts fall like sparks which would not kindle a fire, if an ever-ready enemy did not secretly fan the flame. The more the prince is loved and praised, the more renown he gains in the lists, the more the Duke grows ill-disposed towards him. So much so, that a child's innocent speeches are reported to blacken his fame. The little wife said one day she wished her husband was as puissant as the Duke of Brittany, and lo and behold, a report is spread that the prince doth conspire to supplant the duke. I pray you, who can be safe where this spirit prevails, and the most horrible calumnies are believed by one brother of another ? I shall soon leave this Court. God be praised that the young Françoise is in the hands of the Lady of Guincamp. It surely grieves me to part with her; but Madame Catherine, my poor cousin, is dying, I fear, and hath sent for me. I have long ago abandoned all thoughts or hopes of earthly bliss, and every day detaches me more from the world, which, as Friar Brackley used to say, has no one joy full and perfect; for if a man be set at a board with delicate meats and drinks, and he sees a cauldron boiling before him with pitch and brimstone, in the which he should be thrown as soon as he has dined, should he joy much in his delicious meats ?

" I have but one passionate desire, which is to see those I affection on the path to heaven. Scandals increase every day ; dreadful crimes are committed. Indifference to religion prevails, and talk is ministered concerning the Church by strangers from other lands—I thank God not by mine own people—which makes the blood run cold. Ah, methinks those that love God in these bad days should do penance, and afflict their bodies and souls to obtain mercy for others. I have a strange call sounding in mine ears, yea, knocking at the door of my heart sometimes ; and God knoweth where it shall lead thy poor loving friend, for whom cease not to pray."

I have not heard from Jeanne for many months, but through some other persons mournful tidings from Brittany have reached this Court. Alas, Monseigneur Gilles has been thrown into prison. His enemies have so far compassed his ruin, and the Duke's heart appears hopelessly closed against him. In vain did the Connétable entreat the King of France to use his good offices, as the uncle and sovereign lord of these princes. Albeit the Queen will not allow it, he hath, I ween, acted with treachery in this matter, and deceived Arthur de Richemont. Then, as a last resource, this good man, with Monseigneur Pierre and his wife, forced the Duke by their great urgency to grant an audience to his brother in the presence of all their kindred. The aged warrior fell on his knees before his stubborn nephew, bowing down his gray hairs to this humiliation for the

love he bore to his sister's youngest born, the fair son she loved so well. In vain did Françoise d'Amboise, with streaming eyes, embrace his knees and shed torrents of tears, which only seemed the more to anger him, whose jealousy waxed more bitter at every sign of affection for his young brother. His visage waxed more fierce as these pleadings became more urgent, and at last he broke forth in a violent fury, and insulted his victim with savage upbraiding and cruel taunts. The venom a lying tongue had daily distilled into his soul now found vent in a malice which knew no bounds. The lips of a sovereign and a brother poured forth the hatred of the serpent coiled round his heart. For a while (an eye-witness described the scene) Monseigneur Gilles listened in silence on his knees, his gaze fixed on the ground. Then suddenly rising, he exclaimed,

"No more tears, I pray you; no more prayers for me. Messire le Connétable, and you all, my loving and noble kindred, bear witness that I appeal this day to the justice of my country. Let me be tried by the Estates of Brittany. Now I return to custody, and God judge betwixt thee and me, Monseigneur François, and deal with me on His Doomsday as mercilessly as you now do, if in aught I have deserved this treatment at your hands."

Then he was hurried back to prison, and the Connétable left Nantes broken-hearted. Dame Françoise, in season and out of season, plied the Duke with remonstrances, ever calling to his mind his cruelty, and beseeching him, for his soul's sake, if for no other cause, to be pitiful to his brother. Then he grew weary of her reproaches, and banished her and her husband from the Court; and she took the little Françoise to Guincamp; and one who has been at that place has seen them often in the church. Monseigneur Gilles is soon to be tried by the Estates of Brittany, as he desired. O, God send they acquit him! I asked the same traveller if he had heard aught of Jeanne. He said Madame de Dinant was dead, and Mademoiselle de Kersabec had disappeared the day of her funeral, after long prayer in the chapel, and naught since hath been seen of her.

The war with France is like to break out again, though the Queen hath laboured hard to prevent it. But the King her uncle is resolved, 'tis said, to reconquer Normandy, and the people here accuse the Queen, because she is French, of desiring ill success to our arms, which is a most false calumny. The friends of the Duke of York spread these reports, and, because the Duke of Somerset is regent in France, foretell all manner of calamities to the realm. The Queen hath procured that the Duke of York should be charged with the government of Ireland. "Now," her grace says, "we are rid, for a time at least, of this plotter."

But some reckon this to be a very dangerous policy; for thus this prince has opportunities to strengthen himself in one part of his majesty's dominions; and my Lord of Salisbury, and his son Lord Warwick, take care his interests shall not suffer at home. Albeit they dare not attack the Queen directly, nothing can exceed their animosity against the Duke of Suffolk; and I hear talk even amongst

such as come to the Court touching the King's incapacity for government, and that he is fitter for a cloister than a crown; and has in a manner deposed himself by leaving the affairs of the kingdom in the hands of a woman, who useth his name to conceal her usurpation, for that, according to the laws of this country, a queen consort hath no power, but title only. Though her majesty hath a firmer hand wherewith to steer the helm of the State than any other person of her sex and her years in Europe, she is nevertheless only nineteen, and her advisers, I fear, not often discreet, and more concerned to advance their fortunes than her interests. Once I told her the speeches I heard touching her ambitious designs in entertaining the King with every thing except the affairs of the State and the cares of government. She rested her face on her hands, leaning her elbows on a table, and fixing her piercing eyes on mine, as if to divine my secret thoughts,

"Say they so?" she asked, with some bitterness of tone. "O, I admire how fools babble of what angels would scarcely dare to speak of."

"Forgive me, madam," I said, in a faltering voice.

"Peace, peace, good Meg," she cried, half impatient, and yet kindly; "I meant not to reprove thy well-meant garrulity. I know thou lovest the King and me, and therefore I will tell thee that this vulgar blame condemns in me what it cannot—and God send it may never—comprehend. There are secret wires in stage-plays which spectators discern not, and in the conduct of men springs of action which none but the actors themselves can fathom."

"Will your majesty play at cards this evening with the King?" I asked; for it is my business to set the table for prime; and I wished to break off a dangerous discourse, in which I had almost angered the Queen, I thought.

She turned round with a fierceness which amazed me. Her lip quivered.

"You are too bold—or else stupid," she added; and verily I looked bewildered. Then she seized my arm, and said in a hurried manner, "Know you not when and where cards were invented?"

"No, madam, no," I answered with unfeigned surprise, her behaviour was so strange.

"O, then, go and set the table for prime," she said, with a half-relieved, half-dejected countenance.

CHAPTER XVI.

A KING'S PROPHECY.

As I was one day with some other persons of the Queen's household in the antechamber which leadeth to her apartments, we listened to the speeches of various persons as they went in and came out. Lord Shrewsbury's visage was most sad, I thought, and he looked older by a great deal than when I had last seen him at court. This

earl's affection for the Queen hath never altered; and in it is united a meet reverence for his sovereign and a paternal tenderness for one so young and lovely. 'Tis pretty to see him study her likings, and minister to her delights, in all honourable and pleasant ways; and she, with a winsome respect, regard his aged years with a cherishing affection. He is more pleased than any man alive in this country with her majesty's wit and learning, and he loveth to speak French with her, wherein he thinks he excels; but her grace sometimes cannot refrain from smiling at the mistakes of the good lord, and says she talketh in English with less faults than he in French, which he disallows, and thereupon they have friendly disputes. Not further than yesterday, her majesty had writ a letter for the recommendation of one dame in the Convent of Barking to be prioress, and used these words therein: "Wherefore we desire and pray you that in accomplissement of my lord's request and ours in this partie, ye will have the said dame in your next election right tenderly recommended, and choose her to be your prioress and governor, by consideration of her many virtues, religious governance, and good fame that she is renowned of." So when my Lord Shrewsbury, for whose contentment this letter was writ—for that dame was a kinswoman of his—read these sentences, he grimly smiled, and said, "Madame, I misdoubt if *accompilissement* and *renowned* should be English words." Upon which her majesty laughed, and answered they should be English if she pleased; "for," quoth she, "if a man speaketh amiss, 'tis the custom to say he doth clip the King's English. By that same token, I may do what I please with my lord's possessions; for what is his is mine." One only quarrel the Queen has had in these four years with Lord Shrewsbury. This was touching Joan of Arc, which he holds to have been a witch; and the Queen conceives she was a saint.

When he returned from the presence-chamber on the morn I speak of, Lady Elisabeth de Say met him with these words:

"My lord, it is bruited that the Duke of Suffolk is in the Tower. I pray you what is laid to his charge?"

"Madame," the old lord replied, "his father and three of his brethren have been slain in France. He has himself served in the wars thirty-and-four years. He has been of the Order of the Garter thirty years, and a councillor of the King fifteen years, and has once been seventeen years in the wars without once returning home. I pray God his enemies may serve the King one-half as well as this strange traitor hath done."

"Marry, my Lord Shrewsbury," cried that bird of evil omen Lady Isabel Butler, "he intended to wed his son John with little Margaret Beaufort, and, after murthering the King, to declare her to be heiress of the crown."

"Murther the King!" I exclaimed, amazed. Upon which she rejoined, with one of her malicious smiles:

"Mark, I said not *the Queen*."

If frowns could kill, then methinks the lady would then have died, if I judge by the scowl which darkened my Lord Shrewsbury's countenance.

"Madame," he cried, "you have to thank God that you are a woman. No man should have gone unscathed after he had uttered that speech in my hearing."

The lady turned away, feigning not to hear; and then talk was ministered concerning the bad news from France; and some persons said that the Duke of Somerset was losing all which the Dukes of Bedford and of York had preserved; and one Thomas Crawford, the Queen's herbman, reported that tidings had arrived from Portsmouth, where there had been very mischievous riots, and the Bishop of Chichester, who had gone there to pay the troops for the French expedition, had been killed by the mob. And presently Ralph Osborne brought news that William Taylboys, the outlaw, had been discovered with armed men near the council-chamber, and at the instance of Lord Cromwell committed to the Tower. Mary Beaumont came afterwards to my chamber; and when I said, "Ah, Moll, these new haps will cause further grief to the Queen," she answered, "In truth, she hath enough of it and to spare. I warrant thee, Meg, there are not many women with so brave a heart in their bosoms as this lady. I have heard here and there a word fall from her lips which betokeneth sore inward disturbance. Sometimes when she is at Windsor she cometh to see Dame Alice Botler, my kinswoman, which was the King's governess, and now lives in a house in the Park. She questions her touching his majesty's childhood, and likes to hear her relate how he looked and behaved when she had him in her charge. Once when I was there she exclaimed, "Ah me, Mistress Alice, I love this Windsor, because my liege lord and dear husband was born here." Dame Alice replied: "Well, *his* mother, Queen Katherine, shed many tears because of that birth at Windsor." "And why so, I pray you?" the Queen asked in great amazement. Then Dame Alice related that when the late King departed for France, after the death of the Duke of Clarence at Beaugy, he charged her with many urgent enforcements not to lie in at Windsor, for that if he had a son born at that place, he should be misfortunate all the days of his life. The Queen (she said) smiled, and would have it that to be born at the birthplace of Edward the Third must needs prove a good omen for an English prince, and Windsor the most comfortable palace for her to be delivered in. But the King would in noways alter his thinking, and left her with this strenuous injunction. "And durst she disobey it?" the Queen asked. Dame Alice replied, "She was wont to say the King was too superstitious, and she should lie in where she pleased, and no evil should come of it to her child or herself. She had a playful and daring spirit in those her young years, and would not be ruled even by her lord. At the last she resolved to remove to Sheen, but was taken ill before her departure; and so my lord the king was born at Windsor. I remember the bright smile on her pale fair face when she held him in her arms, who was the most beautiful infant that could be seen, and the glee with which she said, 'Nothing in this babe, methinks, doth betoken that misfortune should be his lot.' Yet when some time afterwards Lord Fitzhugh related to her how, when

the King heard at Meaux of his son's birth, he had eagerly inquired where the child was born, and being told at Windsor, had exclaimed,

‘I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
Shall small time reign and much get :
But Henry of Windsor shall long reign and lose all ;
But as God will, so be it.’

She shed some tears ; and as years went on and disasters occurred, she thought more and more of those words, and sorrowed very much for her youthful stubbornness, and humbly confessed her fault when she was dying, and begged the King to forgive her.”

“What said my lord ?”

“He bade her be of good comfort, for that misfortunes are no evils to a Christian soul ; and if he should lose all on earth, he should hope to get the more in heaven.”

“That is like his majesty,” the Queen exclaimed. “Goodness is never lacking in his grace ; and was he in childhood grave and *débonnaire* ?”

“He had always a sweet gravity in his countenance,” my kinswoman replied, “and I have not seen the child which could be compared to his highness for wantonness of disposition. Mrs. Joan Astley says that even in his infancy graciousness was noticeable in his looks and actions. When he passed through the streets of London, sitting on his mother’s lap, he saluted the people, and conducted himself with much sadness ; and those pretty hands, which could not yet feed himself, were made to wield a little sceptre. I mind the day when the Earl of Warwick showed him to the peers in Parliament, and one of the lords presented him with the orb. He put one little hand upon it and then the other, and seemed to doubt, if it should be a thing to be afraid of or to play with.”

“Ah, Dame Alice,” the Queen said smiling, “you must needs have been in great renown for a very wise and expert person, since the King’s council appointed you to teach him courtesy and nurture. No doubt you learnt him early to say his prayers.”

“I promise your majesty the King could say his beads as soon as he could speak. And I warrant your grace, when he was only eighteen months of age he would not travel on the Sunday.”

“Nay, nay, Dame Alice, this is not to be believed,” the Queen exclaimed.

But my good kinswoman would not be gainsayed therein, and declared that it was written in the *Chronicle of London*.

“It happened upon the 13th of November,” quoth she, “when the King and his mother were coming from Windsor to London. At night, on the Saturday, they lodged at Staines ; and on the morrow, when the King was carried to his mother’s car, he shrieked, and sprang, and cried in so lusty a fashion, the like of which had never been seen in him before, that they must needs carry him back to the inn ; and there he abode all the day. But on the morrow, when he was borne to the car, he was glad and merry of cheer.”

“Come, Dame Alice,” cried the Queen, “I am a misbeliever touching this early sanctity which showed itself by kicks and screams.

And yet—O, I can well credit that the King had an earlier towardness to serve God than other children."

Then she kissed Dame Botler, who cried this was too great an honour for a poor woman.

"Nay," the Queen said; "surely you kissed the King many times, and so his wife may well kiss you."

"I must confess," Dame Botler replied, "that sometimes the sweet King's little arms were thrown about my neck, and then I could not forbear to kiss his fair cheek. God defend his grace, and you, madame, also!"

The Queen said to me afterwards that she liked to converse with Dame Alice, for she reminded her of her own good nurse, Théophanie. And then she harped on the words of the late King touching Henry born at Windsor, and let drop somewhat which showed me she hath fears which others little wot of, and so judge her wrongfully. Yea, Meg, as I said before, this Queen our sovereign lady hath as brave a heart as any woman alive.

I was not often with the Queen betwixt the time of the Duke of Suffolk's arrest and that of his departure from the Tower. But that day I stood by her side at a window in the palace at Westminster, and she said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Our most true and leal friend Suffolk is banished for five years. This sentence the King hath signed to save the Duke's life, and I pray God this merciful intent succeeds; but I am of opinion that yielding an inch to save an ell in matters of justice on the one side and popular clamour on the other is an ill policy, as was shown forth when Pilate ordered the Lord Jesus to be scourged; the end of which was what we all know."

"'Tis reported," I replied, "that your majesty urged the King at the last to sign that order."

The Queen did not answer for a moment; then she fixed her eyes on me, and said, "Yea, I did so. God only knoweth the cause."

As she uttered those words, a noise beneath the windows of rushing footsteps was heard, and we saw crowds of ruffianly men hurrying towards the Tower, whence the Duke of Suffolk was to depart that morn. A rumour was spread shortly afterwards that his grace had been attacked and maltreated by the mob; but this proved to be false: only his servants had been intercepted and beaten. He himself escaped to his estates in Suffolk, whence he was to embark at Ipswich. The Queen had a bad headache in the evening; and as I was ministering to her, and chafing her brows with distilled water, she broke forth in this wise:

"Jesus, how will all this end? Discontent is at its height; the people starve. Their sufferings remind me of the famine in Naples some years ago. Then the pestilent teachers of Lollardry lurk about, poisoning men's minds, and teaching them to ascribe their sufferings to the sins of the clergy and the nobles. They provoke rebellion against the Church and the throne, and promise that the lands of the rich shall be divided amongst the poor. And there are none

that I can see so good, or so wise, or so strong, that they can stem this torrent, which rises more and more, like the tide of the sea when it comes up. The Cardinal is dead, Suffolk is banished, Shrewsbury is old and feeble. Waynfleet and Beckington are holy men, I trow; but as was said of the few loaves when thousands hungered, 'what be they amongst so many?'

"God be thanked," I said, "that the King is wise and good."

She pushed my hand away from her forehead in an impetuous manner, and, sitting in her bed with her fair white arms crossed on her bosom, and her hair falling disordered about her face, exclaimed :

"The King! Do you too accuse me of small esteem for him? I tell you there is not one alive that would rule a kingdom so beneficially as my lord if . . . Ah, perhaps you are one of those who think that I desire to govern alone,—that I am pleased he should pray and study like a monk, so that I may throne it as an absolute sovereign? Yes, I am blamed on every side; enemies slander, and friends blindly advise. From France my kinsfolk send me letters which cause me to smile and weep in turn; they write so unwittingly of what happens here. One only in all the world knoweth what I suffer. God help me! if I disburthened not my soul in shrift, methinks my brain would give way. Those Lollards teach the damnable doctrine that none should confess. If the day should come when pent-up hearts are debarred this comfort, I promise you madness shall increase."

A short time passed, and then again I was sent for by the Queen. She was going abroad, and commanded me to accompany her. Her visage was pale, save one crimson spot on each cheek. She laid her cold hand on mine, and said,

"Suffolk is dead—murthered! I go to condole with the duchess. Would I could carry to her the head of Exeter! That should be her best comfort."

"The head of the Lord Admiral!" I exclaimed, affrighted.
"Good God! what hath he done?"

"Done!" the Queen bitterly repeated. "This is what he hath done. He, the servant of the King, the minister of the Crown, gave vessels to the false lords, poor Suffolk's adversaries. They sent miscreants on board the Nicholas to pursue him on the seas. They bore down on his ship, snatched him from it, and haled him on one of theirs, with the mocking cry, 'Welcome, traitor!' and the worse mockery of a feigned trial. Then they lowered him into a boat, and with an old rusty sword cut off his noble head. I tell thee, if I was his wife, I would die, or have their blood; and being his Queen, who owed him all and loved him well, I can only mourn for him with hot useless tears, which shame impotent royalty! Heavens, to be so used! To see the King raise to heaven his meek eyes with an anguish which words cannot express! And this poor soul I am about to see submerged in bottomless grief. What can I say to her?"

"O madame, tell her to pray, to be patient in her sorrow, to hope in God!" I cried.

" You might as lief bid the angry wind preach to the raging sea, as bid me exhort to patience the wife of murthered Suffolk. If the King sees her, then true comfort, heavenly wisdom, sweet hope, not of this earth, may perchance pass from his soul into hers. In his presence furious passions subside. I have seen this, yea, felt it at times."

Then we reached the house of the duchess, and the Queen went into her chamber. When she came out again, her eyes were red with weeping.

Hans Hemling's Triptych.

"Who painted that picture?"

The speaker was the great Master Johann van Eyck. He was walking through the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, on the Feast of Easter, in the year of our Lord 1479, when his eye fell on a painting lying against an easel. Around it lay a few implements of the artist—but he was not visible. The picture seemed to belong to nobody.

"Who painted that picture?"

"A poor wounded soldier named Hans," was the reply of the sister. "He was brought to us dying of fever, and out of gratitude for his recovery he wished to paint something for our church. As his intention was good, we supplied him with materials, and accepted his offer, though indeed his work can hardly be of much merit."

"Not of much merit!" interrupted Van Eyck impatiently, shrugging his shoulders. "Where is this man?"

"There he is, poor fellow!" said the good religious, pointing to the bed in the corner of the room where the sick man lay, nearly unconscious of all around him; "and," she added, "he has taken so much to heart the ill success of his work, that it brought on a second attack of fever, from which we fear he will never recover."

Van Eyck hastened to the sick man's bed, and respectfully lifted his cap. "Brother," he said with much emotion, "thank our blessed patron, the glorious St. John, who has guided me here to this his hospital. The gifts with which God has endowed you for His honour and glory will bring you fame and riches through the patronage of the Holy Church—the Mother of Art. You are a great painter."

The sick man cast a melancholy and doubtful look at the speaker.

"Rise up, brother," continued Van Eyck, "and come forth, like Lazarus, from the tomb in which you have been so long buried."

The man rose up, strengthened by those words of hope, and became the great painter Hans Hemling, the glory of Bruges, whose numerous works of art are to be found scattered through nearly all the great galleries of Europe—among the greatest of the treasures

there. They bear an unmistakable character of their own: even when, as in some cases, the hands of other artists of the time, and especially that of Hans's benefactor Johann Van Eyck, the inventor of oil-painting, have been employed on the same picture, Hans is always clearly distinguished, not only by the fineness and delicacy of his touch, and the lightness and gracefulness of his draperies, but also by the devotional character of his paintings, excelling even the great Van Eyck, who had predicted his career of fame and honour from his first glance at the famous triptych. It is still to be seen in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges; and in the present year the Arundel Society has made it familiar to many in England by an exquisite coloured engraving.

There is something very charming in the thought of a Christian painter, like the pure and angelical Giovanni da Fiesole,—a man of spotless life and unstained heart, on whose soul the sunshine of grace has ever fallen without a cloud to break it, who has known no love but that of God, whose thoughts have ever been occupied with heavenly beauty, and who has therefore had the gift first to catch with wonderful instinct its purest and most delicate reflections in nature and humanity, and then to set them forth in his works so tenderly and yet so vividly as to fill us with a sense of deep unearthly peace as we gaze upon them, as if he really were able to give us a glimpse of the home of eternal blessedness. We can hardly imagine that such a painter could ever have known the storms of passion, or at least have bent before them. Yet there is another kind of purity beside that of innocence—the purity of penitence. Such is that which we must claim for Hans Hemling.

The Superior was quite right in speaking of Hans as a poor soldier, who had been strangely brought to their doors by the charity of a woman. She had found him lying by the roadside wounded and dying, and had managed to convey him to the hospital, where he had been so carefully tended: but he had known better days, or at least more prosperous circumstances, before he had sunk to destitution. His father had been a wealthy butcher at Bruges. He and his wife lavished all their care and tenderness on the education of Hans, who was their only child—born about the year 1425. In his childhood and youth he had been too much indulged by his parents and his teachers. He was allowed to form bad acquaintances, who drew him into habits of dissipation and vice. At an early age he had shown a considerable talent for painting, and his father had placed him under the care of an artist named Rodgers, known as Rodgers de Bruges. But instead of applying himself to study, the youth spent the greater part of his time in

idleness. He was one of those good-natured weak souls, "no man's enemies but their own," who often end so badly. With all his faults, there was something so attractive about him that he seems to have been much loved, in spite of his deplorable weaknesses. Poor Hans! his home became desolate in a manner terrible indeed. One morning the young painter was returning home more than half drunk, after a night spent with his boon companions,—his eyes inflamed, his step unsteady, his dress in disorder,—when, in the court, he met his father. The poor old man could not conceal his disgust and distress at his son's condition. He reproached him severely with his disorderly life, at the same time trying to draw him into the house, to screen him from the observation of the neighbours. Hans got angry and quarrelsome: from words they came to blows, and in the scuffle the old father was thrown down. His head fell against the pavement; and to his horror and dismay, when he stooped to raise his father up, he found him—dead. Poor Hans gave a despairing cry, which brought his aged mother to the spot; when she saw the fearful sight, she fell on the body of her husband, and her mind gave way. A few sad weeks only she lived on, unconscious of her misery.

Hans, in his grief and self-reproach, threw himself recklessly into a course of revelry and dissipation, trying in vain to drown the pangs of remorse. Before a year from the death of his parents was over, he had squandered all the fortune they had carefully accumulated for him. His conduct was so extravagant, that he was finally expelled from Bruges by the authorities. Nothing remained for him but to enlist as a private soldier in the Burgundian army; and he seems to have fought in the battles of Morat, Granson, and Nancy. The army at that time contained many desperadoes, banditti rather than soldiers, who were for ever breaking away from military discipline, in the satisfaction of passion or greed. Hans, to do him justice, seems to have set his face against the cruelty and license of their lives; at least he would not join them in their excesses, and so became a sort of butt among them. One day, when he had been unusually tried by the scorn and ridicule they heaped upon him, he retaliated and struck one of them a hard blow. This was the signal for several ruffians of his corps to fall upon him; he received a deep stab in the breast, and was left in his own blood on the high-road to die. It was there that the poor woman found him. She took him first to her house, and then (when the case got beyond her skill) transferred him to the Hospital of St. John, when his career as an artist was so strangely to begin.

For many weeks he lay tossing on his bed in a high fever. When

at last the crisis was over, and his senses returned, he was able to think of the past. The poor man remembered his former life with the truest contrition. He thought how he had embittered the life of his parents, and how, in some way, he had been guilty of their miserable deaths. In the quiet hospital he lay and recalled all his sins; the prayers of his childhood came back to his lips, and he prayed, as those pray who have lost all in this world, for mercy and forgiveness. He thanked God for the wound and illness that had laid him low, and vowed to offer up the rest of his life to His glory.

The good sisters rejoiced in the holy dispositions of Hans, and did all in their power to strengthen him in them. He had told them humbly, like a child, of all his troublous past life, and they, with true charity, had spoken to him of hope and confidence, and the infinite mercy of Jesus, nor did they forget to recommend him to the prayers of his holy patron—the blessed St. John, in whose hospital he lay.

As he got stronger, his great wish was to make some offering to the house, out of gratitude. He begged the Superior to give him some painting materials, and to allow him to make a small unused room into a studio. Partly for the sake of finding something to interest him, and partly from curiosity to see the result (for she had small faith in any thing but the good-will of the poor soldier), she yielded to his request. Day after day was Hans to be seen praying and painting—like that holy Dominican monk of Fiesole. The skill of the former pupil of Rodgers de Bruges was there, but the pride was gone. Often and often the fear alone of wasting the precious materials prevented his destroying the picture. When it was finished, his humility made him feel that he had failed; he had not represented his ideal. He sank back on his bed discouraged and sick at heart, and his fever returned, so that his recovery seemed hopeless, till the greeting of Johann Van Eyck on that Easter morning brought back hope and life.

As soon as his strength had fully returned, Van Eyck presented Hans to the Count of Flanders, "Philip the Good." Philip established him in his own palace; and from thence the fame of Hans Hemling spread over the whole Catholic world. He often travelled to foreign courts, where he was always received with homage and distinction. Wherever in his journeys he saw a cross or a lonely shrine, he knelt before them, and with outstretched arms humbly besought the pardon of God for all his sins. Whenever he could succour the poor, the sick, and the friendless, he did all in his power for them, pouring out his wealth for their needs in the name of Him who died upon the Cross.

It is said there are eighty pictures by him still existing—of unquestionable originality. They are all on sacred subjects. He seems also to have assisted in the illumination of several exquisite Missals and Breviaries. But there is a peculiar interest about that beautiful triptych* in the hospital at Bruges, not only because he has painted in it a portrait of himself, in the costume of the hospital, uniting with the kings in adoration of the Divine Infant, and from the signature and date, which it also bears, but from the history of the painting itself, so characteristic of the early times of Catholic art, and its importance as the foundation of all the glories connected with the name of Hans Hemling.

* The three compartments represent, 1. Our Lord in the manger; 2. The Adoration of the Magi; 3. The Presentation of our Lord in the Temple.

Our Library Table.

1. Mexico under the Empire.
2. The Rock Inscriptions of Sinai.
3. The Schönberg-Cotta Family.
4. POTTER's Sacred Eloquence.
5. Catholic Orthodoxy and Anglo-Catholicism.
6. An American on Cambridge Life.
7. The Bishop of ORLEANS' Letter.
8. Translations into Latin Verse.

1. MR. BULLOCK, who has just published an account of a late sojourn of a few months in Mexico,* landed at Vera Cruz in company with Monsignore Meglia, the Papal Nuncio to the Emperor Maximilian, in November 1864, and left Tampico in March 1865. He accomplished the 250 miles of ascent from Vera Cruz to Mexico, by Orizaba and Puebla, with unusual ease and celerity: for he had fallen in on board the steamer which took him from Europe with a large Mexican proprietor—a sort of Marquis of Carabas, it would seem, as all along the road we find continual mention of his ownership or that of his family—to whom the grant of power to make the railway from the coast to the capital had been originally made, and who was able to secure his English acquaintance a seat in the Nuncio's special train as far as Camaron, and, after that place, unusual conveniences of transport as well as of lodging. This Don Antonio Escandon also lodged Mr. Bullock and his friend when they reached Mexico—thus affording an honourable though by no means a singular example of the great hospitality and courtesy which distinguishes the Mexicans. Mr. Bullock seems to have had every opportunity of seeing whatever there was to be seen, and of mixing occasionally with some of the best society in the city. He gives us three or four chapters about Mexico and its environs, including Tezcoco: and the remainder of his volume is taken up with the account of his travels in the provinces. He visited Morelia and Zamora,—from which town he proceeded to a *hacienda*—one of the large Mexican country-houses—at Guaracha. Hence he was chased by an alarm of the approach of a marauding band of Chinachos, or Juarists, who would be certain to put to death any one who could so easily be mistaken for a Frenchman. His next point of interest was Guadalajara. Thence he went to Tepic and to San Blas, formerly a great Spanish naval station on the Pacific, and the point of communication with the Californias, now eclipsed by the better port of Mazatlan. From Tepic he returned by Guadalajara to Mexico, and finally

* *Across Mexico in 1864-5.* By W. H. Bullock. London, 1866.

reached Tampico on the Gulf by Real del Monte, the great mining station. It will thus be seen that Mr. Bullock has travelled over a good portion of the central provinces of the Mexican Empire.

His book is hardly more than an ordinary traveller's journal, and it would therefore be unfair to complain of Mr. Bullock for not giving us a very deep insight into the state of things around him while in Mexico. Some of his descriptions are lively enough: but he is not altogether free from the unfortunate flippancy in which itinerant Anglo-Saxons are so fond of indulging, and he *will* now and then make us smile by some remark which betrays his great ignorance of the religious customs and feelings of Catholics.* But though the lines are few and the whole treatment sketchy, we get a definite impression from the volume, and, on the whole, we believe, a true one. Mr. Bullock sailed to Mexico, it seems, with some members of the Conservative party, so to speak, in the country, and he speaks highly and favourably of them, considering the prejudice by which he would naturally be influenced in forming a judgment of persons who are all supposed to be bigots because they are what is called "clerical." He does not, however, cast his vote with them any more than with the so-called Liberals, who appear to have disgusted him by their rapacity and want of principle. The Liberal party, he says (p. 83), "was really only liberal in the sense of wishing to make free with other people's property." Juarez,—who, it seems, is nothing more or less than a full-blooded Indian,—seems to have been animated by a darker motive than the greed of personal gain. He seems to have simply hated the Christian religion, and to have demolished churches and convents, and seized their property out of pure destructiveness, like a Mohammedan or a modern Italian revolutionist. A gentleman informed Mr. Bullock, *apropos* to the ruins of the once magnificent convent of St. Francis in Mexico, that "he had with his own eyes seen President Juarez arrive with a body of soldiers, and give his orders for the work of destruction to commence: that as it proceeded several lives were lost in consequence of the thoughtless and precipitate manner in which the workmen laid about them in their eagerness to attract the favourable notice of their President." Another eye-witness told him that "it was quite common to see President Juarez making his round of the churches,

* For instance (p. 110), he speaks of the custom of kneeling when the bell is heard announcing the approach of a priest bearing the Sacred Host. He says the custom is now optional,—that is, no one is punished for not observing it,—but it is still very generally observed, "proving what an extraordinary hold Roman Catholicism still retains over the mass of the people. As far as I am aware, this custom of falling down before the Host is *peculiar to Spain and her present and former possessions.*" A custom so simple and natural, as a consequence of the faith of Catholics, is surely no mark of the *extraordinary* influence of that faith. We wish that we could suppose that the reflection contained in another sentence of Mr. Bullock's could fairly be confined to his Protestant countrywomen: "When I see the sober dresses almost universally worn by foreign ladies in church, I never fail to be struck with the better taste they display in this respect than English ladies, who are so much addicted to smart dresses and fashionable bonnets" (p. 90).

and superintending the work of destruction." The property was sold for a mere song. "A Belgian bought a piece of ground, church and all, for nineteen pounds ten shillings." Foreigners were the chief buyers—for all who had money among the Mexicans belonged to the Conservative party, and would have nothing to do with the business, as they feared incurring excommunication : the Liberals, in most cases, had nothing to give. Thus the sale of the Church property, immense as it was, brought hardly any thing into the treasury : the Government had in the same year to raise a loan of a million of dollars for the most pressing needs of the public service. In fact, some of the admirers of the Government of Juarez defended him on the ground that he did not desire to enrich the country by the spoils of the Church, but simply to destroy and uproot the latter. In Mr. Bullock's travels in the provinces the Liberals appear simply as freebooters. They organise bands who levy black mail on the country proprietors : an estate pays them, for instance, 2000 dollars down, and 200 a month, and thus purchases immunity from their visits. Whenever they appear, they ransack and ruin every thing ; and during the ascendancy of Juarez the higher and richer classes were obliged to live in towns, and abandon their country estates altogether.

As our common ideas of Mexico are formed almost exclusively from what we read of its troubles in the newspapers, many Englishmen will be surprised to hear of the existence of a large class of wealthy, noble, intelligent, and cultivated Mexicans. On the other hand, if we were to form our notions of the country from the specimens of its natives whom we meet occasionally as travellers, or as temporary residents in England, we should find it equally difficult to understand the wretched political and social state to which Mexico has been reduced. There are hundreds of Mexicans as enlightened, as well educated, as courageous, as capable generally of the management of affairs as the average inhabitants of any Christian country : and yet it is perfectly true that no Christian country has ever had a more miserable history than Mexico since it became independent of Spain. The fact seems to be, that though they are themselves the greatest sufferers from the anarchy and insecurity which is the normal political state of the country, the wealthy, educated, and intelligent classes take no part whatever in public affairs. There is almost material among them for a powerful and dominant aristocracy such as that of England ; but they leave the conduct of the country to adventurers, legal or military, who think of nothing but enriching themselves and their friends during the short tenure of office, which is all to which they can hope to aspire when their intrigues are successful. The Mexicans, astonishing as it may seem, do not appear to be as yet fully awake to the indispensable necessity of an entire change of system, and the follies and miseries of so many years have left results behind them which make it almost impossible to apply a remedy to the evils of the country. The army, for instance, is perfectly encumbered with officers whose rank and emoluments have been conferred on them as the rewards of political service, or have

been simply usurped in times of trouble. The roads and other public works have been allowed to fall out of repair, and nothing has been done to make up for the dilapidations and destructions of so many years of revolution. Of course neither trade nor finance can flourish under such a state of things : it is all in vain that Mexico possesses those unrivalled resources and capabilities of which we hear so much. It would appear to be almost hopeless to look for a revival of public spirit among the classes really capable of helping the Emperor Maximilian in his attempt to organise the country. His arrival, as Mr. Bullock tells us, was hailed with intense joy by all who desired peace and order, and trade revived with the return of confidence at the beginning of his reign. His ecclesiastical policy soon disgusted many : but at the time of Mr. Bullock's visit he was still considered as the only hope of the country. Mexicans, however, of the better party, seem, like their brethren elsewhere, to look to others to do for them many things which they ought to do for themselves : and, after all, the Imperial experiment was a foreign importation, and supported by foreign bayonets. The Mexican ministers and generals seem one by one to have fallen off from the Emperor. A few months ago, his Ministry consisted of three persons only, two of whom were Frenchmen: and the guardianship of the palace of Chapultepec was intrusted to Zouaves, instead of the Mexican Guard of Honour.

Mr. Bullock points out one cause of difficulty to the Government which, it would seem, must be fatal to all attempts at keeping order, unless backed by immense and widely-spread forces. Mexico is an unwieldy country, with provinces far too distant from the capital to be easily managed from it. Though a large slice of territory was sacrificed after the American war, Mexico is still nearly four times as large as France : and, for purposes of government, which requires rapid and ample means of communication between the capital and the departments, and a perfectly organised system of strong control from the centre—at least in default of that public spirit which makes local and municipal administration so easy to the Anglo-Saxon race—it may almost be said to be forty times as large. A writer in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Sept. 15), who is well informed as to the course which events have taken since the arrival of the Emperor Maximilian, and who proposes a plan by which the Empire may be preserved so as to grow into a great and powerful State, after the departure of the French troops, begins by suggesting that the frontiers should be drawn in. He would abandon the three southern states of Chiapas, Tabasco, and Yucatan, as well as five more on the north and west, Durango, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Cinaloa. The three on the south are poor and unhealthy, the five on the north very poorly inhabited, exposed to Indian invasions, almost deserts. From this general statement, however, he excepts the state of Sonora, which is rich, though less rich than expensive to keep. Central Mexico would then remain, with eleven states. That such a suggestion should be seriously made, and should appear so reasonable if the Empire is to be maintained and organ-

ised, is certainly a proof how unmanageable it is in its present bulk. Possibly we have here the best prospect of the future of Mexico. It seems doubtful enough, to say the least, whether the Emperor Maximilian, supposing him to be reconciled with the Holy See and the Church party in the country which he governs, can maintain himself at all under the enormous disadvantages which will beset his position when foreign aid is withdrawn. But if his Government should continue, and be able to support itself by the loyalty of a population which it may have freed from anarchy and perpetual revolution at the price of a certain amount of very un-Mexican vigour and severity, it would be no very fatal calamity to it to have to part with some of its outlying provinces for the sake of making its territory more manageable and its frontier more defensible.

2. Many travellers in the Peninsula of Sinai have told us of the wonderful multitude of inscriptions on the rocks which hem in the valleys through which their road has lain,—inscriptions covering in some places the whole face of immense cliffs, so deeply cut as to prove both the skill and the labour employed to produce them, and sometimes to be traced in spots which could only have been reached by ladder or scaffolding. As no theory as to the language or languages in which these inscriptions are written has as yet obtained universal acceptance, we are deprived of the most certain of all evidences as to their origin. It is perhaps idle to discuss extrinsic probabilities while so all-important a point is yet doubtful; for, were the language to be settled hereafter beyond dispute, the conclusions formed on every other ground would have to be brought into conformity with the decision of this question. Still, the subject is very interesting, and a well-written Lecture by Mr. George Bentley* gives an opportunity of recalling the present state of the question.

The Sinai Inscriptions are first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, in the time of Justinian. Cosmas visited them with some Jews for his guides, and seems to say,—though Dr. Stanley denies this,—that they believed them to be the work of the Israelites during their long sojourn in the Peninsula of Sinai. Montfaucon published a translation of the work of Cosmas at the beginning of the last century: since his time they have been discussed by various critics, English and German. Pococke was the first to bring home any copies of the inscriptions: in 1840 a selection was published by Beer in Germany, who also deciphered them on the supposition that the language was a dialect of Arabic. The most prominent English writer on the subject is Mr. C. Forster, who contends strongly for the Israelitish origin of the inscriptions, and has also his own way of reading them in harmony with his theory. Two other theories, however, are in the field. Dean Stanley and Beer suppose the writings to be the work of Christian pilgrims to Sinai and other holy places: while Professor Tuch, of Leipsic, who pub-

* *The Rock Inscriptions in the Peninsula of Sinai: an Inquiry into their Authorship.* By George Bentley. London, 1866.

lished his conclusions in 1849, agrees with Beer as to the language, but assigns them to Pagan pilgrims to Serbal.

It is easier to attack any one of these theories than to find perfectly satisfactory arguments for that one which we may wish to establish in its place. The idea that the Israelites, a vast multitude, among whom there must have been many skilled workmen, sojourning for so many years in the neighbourhood of Sinai, would write their names, their history, their prayers, or their epitaphs on the rocks around their camp, commends itself to us at first sight as highly probable. This, however, seems all that can be said for the theory maintained by Mr. Forster and advocated by Mr. Bentley: unless, indeed, the mode of decipherment invented by Mr. Forster should be accepted by other scholars. Then there is the fact to be accounted for, that these inscriptions are found on the eastern side of the Peninsula as well as on the western, and therefore, it appears, out of the line of march of the Israelitish host. Moreover, we understand, though Mr. Bentley has not noticed the fact, that the writings are found on rocks all the way up to the summit of Serbal. This would seem to be against the notion that they are records of the passage of the Israelites. Dean Stanley seems to maintain their Christian origin mainly from the presence of crosses in some of the writings: but he appears to have observed rather carelessly, for his statements as to the frequent occurrence of the cross are contradicted by other travellers. Mr. Bentley's argument against him on the ground of the improbability of the existence of so vast a number of inscriptions, the work of Christian hands, at the time of Cosmas, has also much force. The Pagan theory seems to have the best evidence in its favour. There seems to have been a prevalent worship of the five planets on the top of Serbal, and there are some traces of it to be found in the curious paintings found in the Basilidian catacomb at Rome. This worship would account for the track along which these inscriptions are found, though it is still somewhat difficult to understand their great multitude, the skill and labour with which many are cut, and the height above the ground at which they are sometimes placed.

3. The author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*,* and various other apparently similar works, has a facile and fluent pen, and as much kindness and geniality as is consistent with the task of celebrating, through a small library of quasi-historical tales, the deliverance of Christendom from Popish ignorance and error. He—or she?—has mostly avoided the sensational and melodramatic effects that usually form the staple of Protestant tales in which monks and nuns figure to any great extent. He shows some appreciation of Catholic piety; and old Catholic hymns, many of which are very fairly translated, take up so large a space in these volumes, that a hasty inspection of them might lead an unwary purchaser to carry them home as profitable reading. The writer's notions of the mental

* *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. By the Author of "The Voice of Christian Life in Savoy," &c.

disquietude that must necessarily assail every Catholic who has a tender conscience, or listens to the voice of God within him, are very much like those of Mr. C. Kingsley, but the book is free from the immodesty as well as from the bitterness that overflows from his pen. The author before us has worked, with a little more originality than is common, the now well-used method of giving extracts from the journals of intelligent observers through a considerable period of history. What kind of history it is, that these *Chronicles* represent will be evident from the selection of D'Aubigné and Foxe as the authorities. Ranke's *History of the Reformation* is indeed referred to along with Luther's works and D'Aubigné's as supplying materials; but it is evident that the facts are chiefly taken from the latter work. Even that most absurd passage about Luther's surprise at lighting by accident on a Bible, and discovering that there was actually more in it than the Gospels read in church—which Maitland made so famous from the accident of its presenting itself to him on a bit of waste paper, while he was engaged in writing his learned work on the *Dark Ages*—is here reproduced as fresh as ever, and without a hint of its containing any thing but acknowledged facts. This is quite enough to show that the author is greatly wanting in that acquaintance with standard historical criticism which is absolutely essential to any one who undertakes to write on such periods as that embraced in this work. This, however, is not all. The ignorance not only of Holy Scripture, but of the most essential parts of Christian teaching, in which our forefathers in the faith are supposed in these records of the past to have been plunged, is still more strikingly depicted. Eva Schönberg, an orphan cousin of the young Cottas, and—until she begins to learn Lutheranism—a charming and lovely creature, was taught by her father a passage out of a good book, of which she can only remember, “God so loved the world, that He gave his only Son.” No one can tell her the rest of the verse, or has the least idea where the words are to be found. Her cousin, who has been saying the canonical hours for more than seven years, and has been six months a novice in Luther's monastery, is surprised and delighted to find the passage in St. John. But he will not communicate his discovery to her for fear of perplexing her, since it is evident that the words cannot mean what they would naturally mean. Theology, he muses, teaches that penance and confession and other things are necessary for salvation, whereas, out of theology, believing would mean trusting, having reliance, and *nothing else*. Why, if this were so, praying and reading the Bible should not be as superfluous as going to confession, does not strike him or the writer. In the *Sketches of Christian Life in England*, by the same author, a very old and devout priest, who must have repeated every year more of Holy Scripture in saying Office alone than most Protestants read in their lives, is, in like manner, full of amazement and delight at hearing a little child repeat portions of Wycliff's Bible, which let in sufficient light into his soul to enable him to die happily. Any hint that God really loves His children, that Christ made atonement for sins, or that there is any chance of pleasing Him

in the common actions of life, is to all alike to whom the Bible, or scraps of the Bible, bring it, a most wonderful discovery and most joyful piece of news.

Next to maintaining in perfect integrity that great article of the Protestant tradition, that Catholics have always been wholly ignorant of Scripture and of the chief truths taught in it, the objects most steadily kept in view are to uphold the Lutheran notion of justification, to carp at the lives of saints, and to inculcate the greater perfection of marriage over the religious life. Other doctrines, such as devotion to our Blessed Lady, purgatory, and transubstantiation, are summarily exploded by the way. Luther is the great instrument of God, the prophet, the deliverer, and the like. Not a hint is given of the coarse nature of his table-talk, of his boon companions or nocturnal visitors, of his fawning on the Pope, and styling himself his most devoted slave and tender little lamb while proclaiming him Antichrist, or of any of the many discrepancies which even a moderate study of his own works would make evident. The only thing that he is mildly taken to task for is his harsh way of speaking of the Zwinglians. And the reason that is given to account for his invectives, viz. his knowing nothing about them,—“ You see, Fritz, Dr. Luther, never stayed six months among them as you did; and so he has never seen how good they are at home,”—must be charitably supposed to apply in a great measure to all such well-meaning writers as the author of the *Chronicles* with regard to their way of speaking of us. The most charitable passage in either of these two volumes is one in which the old mother of the Cottas expresses herself as not altogether displeased that one of her numerous family remains a Catholic. “ Great as the grief is to us and the loss to him, I cannot help seeing some good in our Pollux remaining as a link between us and the religion of our fathers. It seems to remind us of the tie of our common creation and redemption, and our common faith, however dim, in our Creator and Redeemer. It prevents our thinking all Christendom which belongs to the old religion quite the same as the Pagans or the Turks; and it helps a little to prevent their thinking us such hopeless infidels.”

4. Although in a certain sense it may be said of preachers as of poets, that they are born, not made, the truth of the adage is quite consistent in either case with the necessity of study and training. There are certain gifts in the greatest speakers as in the greatest poets, which no amount of cultivation can give, and which are just the most essential and vital elements of their greatness: and yet these may never show themselves, at all events in perfection, unless the labour and industry which are within the reach of all aspirants at excellence be sedulously used. As a matter of fact, the art of speaking has never been despised by those who have had the greatest natural capacities for success: indeed they have been among its most devoted students. The biographies of great orators are full of anecdotes of their industry. If we turn to the highest sphere on which human eloquence can be employed, and in which certainly,

from the lofty character of the subjects embraced by it and the greatness of the interests concerned in them, it ought to reach its very highest flights, even without any extraordinary assistance, we find the greatest of preachers usually the most artistic and laborious. There is indeed a preternatural force and penetrating power about the simple earnest words which drop from the lips of such a teacher as the Curé d'Ars, which no eloquence can produce. In such cases saintliness is in the place of rhetoric, and intense charity supplies the want of preparation. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Yet we might say that even M. Viannet, as long as he had the time, was a most studious and laborious preparer of his sermons. At all events no one would ever reasonably plead such an example as a sanction for negligence in preparation. The ordinary run of preachers,—to set aside the highest considerations which belong to the subject, and which render every possible preparation a duty,—can only hope to succeed respectably by taking the natural means of study and diligence to secure the end at which they aim in the discharge of their duties: and it is strange that we should hitherto have seen so few attempts made to supply a systematic method of preparation.

The literature of the "Art of Preaching" is not very large, though some of the greatest Christian names are to be found in the list of authors who have contributed to it—more especially those of S. Augustin, S. Francis of Sales, and S. Charles Borromeo. In our own day, there have been a few excellent works published abroad on this subject: among which M. Hamon's *Traité de la Prédication* deserves particular mention. Dr. Newman has contributed some precious pages to this, as well as to so many other departments of thought and practice. As is natural, one author repeats another, and there is no very great variety of method. Mr. Potter, whose work* is now before us, tells us that he was led to its composition from his having practical experience of the want of some handy volume of the kind which might serve as a text-book for his class. He has gone through the subject completely, and produced an admirable manual by gleanings what was most to his purpose from the several Catholic writers who had preceded him. As a class-book, to be commented on and illustrated by a professor, Mr. Potter's work is just what is wanted—perhaps it is even too full of matter already drawn out. Readers who may take it up with merely a general interest in the subject may find it technical and dry: and the requirements which it makes from those who have usually to compose sermons during a well-occupied week and preach them on a Sunday full of fatigue, and with a thousand incessantly succeeding calls on their attention, will seem somewhat appalling. It must be remembered that it is always well to have the theory of a subject fully drawn out, and that it may be very useful to be acquainted with rules and suggestions, even though we are not always able to carry them all out in practice.

* *Sacred Eloquence; or the Theory and Practice of Preaching.* By T. J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the College of All-Hallows. Dublin, 1866.

5 The Anglican Unionists must have seen very plainly ere this, that all hopes of union with the Catholic Church, in their sense of the word *union*, are fallacious and vain. The Propaganda at Rome has spoken out plainly, and henceforth no obedient child of the Church can have any thing to do with their scheme. It was natural that when they found that their overtures were summarily rejected by the Roman Church they should cast a wistful eye towards the schismatical churches of the East, and begin to agitate for union with them—not without the expectation perhaps that if such union could be effected, the strength of numbers might induce the Vicar of Christ to treat them with more respect. There were difficulties in the way, it is true. The English Establishment had committed itself to the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. But there were not wanting some among the leaders of the advanced Anglican party who hoped, by the elastic process of mutual explanations, to accommodate the matter in a way satisfactory to both parties. Accordingly, we soon came to hear of a minister of the Establishment who had communicated in a Greek church. A Russian priest and a distinguished Russian layman had attended one of the meetings of "the Church Union" Society, while a brother of the Emperor was reported to have graciously blessed their laudable efforts.

But these were all the acts of irresponsible individuals; and we waited, not without some feeling of curiosity, if not of interest, to see what the Russian Church or her ecclesiastics would have to say on the matter. And if we may judge by the few facts recorded in the preface to the recent book of Dr. Overbeck,* our curiosity is at length satisfied. Dr. Overbeck has given us his views on the scheme, and we have reason to think that he speaks with a certain amount of authority. What then is the substance of his decision? We will let him speak for himself in his own rather strange but forcible language:

"Summing up the result of the preceding pages we find :

1. That neither the Evangelicals nor the Broad-Churchmen have a proper notion of the Church, in the Catholic meaning of the word.
2. That both parties do not recognise an obligatory Church-authority.
3. That they do neither wish nor want an Intercommunion of the English and orthodox churches.
4. That the orthodox church must declare them to be heretics, with whom an Intercommunion would not only be impossible, but positively sinful ; since by such Intercommunion heresy and schism would creep into the orthodox church, and would make her heterodox" (p. 12).

And what has he to say to the Ecclesiologists, or those whom he calls Altitudinarians?

"They ransack Romsey and Bona, and astonish their people by their abstruse ritualistic learning rather than edify the same. They think to have our sympathy, since their innovations are but old Catholic usages gleaned in the East, and chiefly in the West. But on the Catholic ground these usages are significant, instructive, wholesome, having historically grown up in their genuine soil. On the contrary, transplanted into a cold,

* Catholic Orthodoxy and Anglo-Catholicism. By J. J. Overbeck, D.D. London, 1866.

heterogeneous soil, they die away or grow into superstition. These Ritualists play at ceremonies like children, forgetting that the soul is more than the body, and both more than the dress" (p. 19). And again, "By this name (sc. Puseyites) are generally understood those High-Churchmen who revel in decorative tom-fooleries and stylish ceremonies" (p. 21).

What is his opinion of the High Churchmen as a party?

"Therefore the Anglo-Catholics are, MOST DECIDEDLY, no Catholics, but Protestants, although Protestants inclining hopefully towards Catholicism" (p. 4).

We will proceed to give next our author's opinion on the question of English orders:

"The consecration of Matthew Parker was invalid, because the forma sacramenti was insufficient" (p. 67). And again, "Rome's dealing with the Anglican clergy who went over to her is a pattern of orthodox dealing. If Rome considered all ordinations by Parker and his successors, i. e. the whole present English Episcopate and clergy, to be invalid, null and void, and consistently re-ordained all those converts who wished and were fit for orders, the Eastern Church can but imitate her proceedings, as both follow, in this point, the very same principles" (p. 70).

He next pronounces on the "Anglo-Catholic" creed:

"We come to the conclusion that Anglo-Catholicism cannot lay claim to Catholic orthodoxy; not only because it is part of a body composed of omnigenous Protestantism, but on the ground of its own inherent Protestantism" (p. 56).

We have also his opinion on Dr. Pusey's theory (if such it may be called) of Church unity as given in the *Eirenicon*:

"Yes, this Sacramental Church-life is a dream; a dream pregnant with mischief, in as far as it tends mystically to settle those minds which, by God's grace, felt unsettled. By showing the sacramental Church-life, Dr. Pusey withdraws from the bright daylight into the dark recess of mysticism, accessible only to spirits, either angels or devils. Here all rests on the feelings of the subject. This is the way how Mormons, Irvingites, and all the other mystical sects prove irrefragably the truth of their more or less blasphemous tenets. . . . On the whole, Dr. Pusey is fond of making assertions, and putting them down as axioms; without even attempting to prove them. . . . However, logic is not commensurate to mysticism" (pp. 87, 88).

And now at last we come to the great question of union between the English Establishment and the schismatical Russian Church. What has Dr. Overbeck to say on this matter?

"There is no organic life, no unity in the English Church; and the orthodox Church could not therefore find the Church to transact with. . . .

"May the orthodox Church enter into transactions with the English Church at large? As long as you harbour heresy in the bosom of your Church, without being able to secrete it from the system, either this system is no Church at all, or a Church infected, degenerated, and disabled by heresy—an empty hollow Church which the Holy Ghost has left. It is hard to choose one side of this sad alternative; but I know no sincere, pious, and open orthodox Catholic (i. e. Eastern schismatic) can disavow that alternative. There is no mistake about that question. Let it only be put in such a concise, plain, and straightforward manner. The orthodox Catholic Church does not recognise the English Church to be a church in her own meaning of the word, no more than the Lutheran, Reformed, or any other Protestant Church" (pp. 88, 89).

"With such an heretical Church the orthodox Church never would allow her Bishops to transact. With individuals belonging to the English Church she will be most happy to treat; but an English Church she does not know, and may not know, as long as she preserves pure orthodoxy" (p. 94).

What, then, are the Anglo-Catholics to do, if they will take Dr. Overbeck's advice? The case is an urgent one; for, as he tells them, and most truly,

"Insulation is death; a limb not connected with the body, not taking part in its functions, not cooperating with the whole, is lifeless. You do not delay with gangrene—a moment lost, perhaps all is lost. With the immortal soul on the brink of eternity, there is a periculum in mora. If the bulk of the Catholic Church denies you admittance, there must be some strong reason not to be slighted" (p. 8).

What, then, does he advise them to do? He rejects all notion of intercommunion as an impossible dream. It must be reunion, or nothing at all. And what does he mean by reunion? What does he propose? "*Risum teneatis, amici*," he seriously proposes that the High Anglican party should separate themselves from the English Establishment, and form a Western-Greek Church, with a Russian priest to superintend the laying of the foundations, and under the obedience of the Holy Synod at Moscow; in a word, he proposes submission to the Russian Church with the Emperor at the head as his only conditions of peace! The Anglicans may well exclaim, "Save us from our friends!" They have courted the Eastern Church, and dreamed of the success of their efforts at least in that direction. A member of the Russian schism at least speaks in the name of his Church. And he writes more strongly against the English Establishment and the unionist efforts than even Catholics have done. He declares that that Establishment is no church, asserts its creed to be heretical, denies the validity of its orders, ridicules the ritualists, rejects with scorn Dr. Pusey's ideas of Church unity, arraigns it as guilty of schism, and scorns the very idea of intercommunion between it and what he calls the "orthodox" Church. Is this book known to the members of the Church Union? What have the High-Church journals to say about it? There is much to win their confidence—a stout attack on the Papal supremacy, not new indeed in its material, but quite fierce enough to soothe the Protestant element—but then their dreams of the future are so rudely dissipated. Greek "orthodoxy" will not offer easier terms than Rome. The choice is left between submission to the Vicar of Christ, and the "Holy Synod" of Moscow with the Czar of all the Russias at the head.

We look upon this book as a most valuable contribution to the present controversy; and we can well understand why its existence seems to have been ignored by those for whose sake it was exclusively written. We should be glad to learn that it circulates among them; for against the claims of Rome it is weaker than water; its only and great value is its revelation of the mind of the Russian Church on the status of Anglicanism, and on the hopes of the unionists. Of course we have our own wishes and hopes as to the future course of the excellent and earnest men who are to be found in the Unionist party, and we are glad to see them disabused of a mischievous illusion, which deceives them for a moment only because they are so unacquainted with the real temper of Eastern "orthodoxy."

6. Countless attempts have been made by writers of all classes to convey to the non-academic public some notion of the life so dear in the memories of those who have enjoyed it. The three bulky volumes of the German professor which were given to the world with grotesque illustrations, under the authority of Mr. James Heywood, were not likely to gain much popularity. More life-like sketches will be found in certain works of fiction, though we trust that our readers will not regard *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green* as more than a caricature of what they profess to represent. Particular scenes in *Loss and Gain* are imitable in their truthfulness; but they embrace but a few phases of university life, and are wholly subservient to the main object of the book. Whoever wishes to gain some insight into English college life must have recourse to authors born beyond the Atlantic,—to Mr. Bristed's *Five Years at an English University*, so highly praised by Dr. Newman, or to the work now before us, bearing the title *On the Cam.**

The author, Mr. Everett, son of a gentleman who some years ago filled the office of American minister at the Court of Queen Victoria, was a foundation scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1863. In the following year he delivered at Boston a series of lectures, detailing the impressions he had received during his residence on the banks of the Cam. These lectures, published first in America and then in England, form the volume before us.

Mr. Everett, who had graduated at Harvard College in the Cambridge of the New World, found little to blame and much to praise in the circumstances of his second university career; so much indeed, that from time to time he feels obliged now to excuse, and now to justify, to his countrymen his admiration of a thoroughly English institution. He seems to have been singularly fortunate in the set of men among whom he was thrown; at least we fear that the experience of many Cambridge men would hardly confirm the truth of what he tells us (p. 91): "The oarsman is not the scholar, the man of pleasure is not the mathematician, but each of the four and a hundred other trades honours the others as fellow-men, as fellow-students, as fellow-Christians. From the highest to the lowest there is a hearty recognition of the sacred truth, 'that we are many members in one body.' " Nor had we supposed that the reading of the chapters from Scripture in the chapel was "a very pleasing part of the service, and greatly interests the young men themselves in it." In common with the editor of the English reprint (p. 111), we are truly glad to hear this. We have heard of games at whist carried on during the reading of these same lessons, in a corner of Trinity Chapel, safely shielded from the glance of the Dean. But such things seem to have been unknown in Mr. Everett's time.

Mr. Everett has some fault to find with the tendency of the Cambridge system of examinations to reward high excellence in

* *On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England.* By William Everett, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1866.

each particular branch of study, rather than to encourage extensive mediocrity. In this we do not agree with him. But we cannot now enter on the question raised, which, however, deserves the fullest consideration of all who take interest in the education of themselves or of others. There are a few other points on which our author is not quite satisfied; but the one great grievance, to which he recurs again and again, is the plan of paying the college servants, in part at least, by gratuities. Probably some difference of national character and habits causes an American to feel indignant about this matter to a degree which in an Englishman's eyes is simply amusing. No doubt in a perfect state of society gratuities could be dispensed with, and there would be no difference in the attention shown by feed and unfeed railway porters. But the time of which Socialist lecturers talk has not yet come; servants are confessedly imperfect mortals, and we think the prospect of occasional presents a salutary help to them in the performance of their duties. It is quite possible that the foreign gentleman who had no wish to be thought shabby, was made to pay sometimes a little above the recognised tariff.

7. We understand that an unusual sensation has just been created in France by a Pastoral Letter addressed by Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, to his clergy and their flocks. Documents of this kind, even when most remarkable, do not usually penetrate far beyond the diocese, or, at least, the country, in which they are put forth; and we can perhaps hardly expect that the present letter of Mgr. Dupanloup will meet with a translator. It deserves attention, however, from others besides those to whom it is immediately addressed. As far as we are aware, the French Episcopate has hitherto been reserved as to the public expression of its thoughts or feelings on the approaching crisis at Rome: and this reserve probably signifies that there is a large class in France who do not believe that the crisis will be permitted. The present circular of Monseigneur Dupanloup does not deal directly with the Roman question: but it is an eloquent and most earnest cry of alarm against the evil tendencies of the times, and against the pernicious principles which lie at the bottom of all the attempts of the revolutionary party against religion, morality, and society itself. It seems to come with all the greater weight from a prelate like the Bishop of Orleans, who has shown so often that he has no antipathy to liberty or to progress, and who has been foremost among those who have attempted to bring the professed advocates of both into alliance with the Church and with religion. Now he writes like one appalled at the activity and malignity of the enemies of humanity.

The letter is occasioned by the great sufferings in France which have resulted from the late extensive inundations. After stating what measures of relief have been taken, the Bishop dwells upon the many signs of the anger of heaven which now abound, the wars and rumours of war which have lately been rife, the earthquakes, pestilences, and inundations of which all have heard. Then he asks

whether the very soil, as it were, on which society rests, is not giving way, and whether there is not a worse inundation threatening us, from the rising flood of evil principles, which are increasing on every side? He points particularly to four late manifestations of the growing audacity and confidence of the conspirators against society. The first took place in Belgium last year. At a congress of "students" held at Liege, presided over by the chief magistrate of the town, formerly a Minister, who declared that the assembly consisted of "the flower of the young students, the apostles of liberty and progress, the soldiers of civilisation, the most highly-authorised and worthy representatives of the principles by which society is to be preserved," the most rampant atheism and materialism were avowed, war was declared against the idea of God, by speakers who said they were prepared to propagate their doctrines by force, and exterminate all opposition by the guillotine. The second demonstration pointed to by Mgr. Dupanloup took place at Geneva, at the late "international congress" of working men. In this much the same principles were avowed, religion was denied, and the intention of overturning all authority, human or divine, was proclaimed. The third was in Paris, not many weeks ago, when a masonic lodge of the "Grand Orient" of France exacted an engagement from its members, not only to die themselves without the aid of religions, but to propagate this principle in every way in their power. This lodge avowed that "*les religious révélées sont la négation de la conscience.*" It is fair to say that it has been suppressed by the Grand Master. The fourth explosion of this hatred to all religion is on the part of the Italian revolutionary party, already looking forward to its triumph at Rome. The Bishop quotes some of those outspoken sentences of Garibaldi in his late address to his volunteers, which his admirers in the English press have been discreet enough not to publish in this country. Yet it appears that Baron Ricasoli was present when they were uttered, and applauded them.

The letter then proceeds earnestly to warn those who are indifferent to the evil. The danger is as great as in 1848: there are the same principles at work, the same prospects of success: and all history shows what it will cost Europe if the enemies of religion triumph, if only for a time. What of those who are the secret accomplices of the conspiracy? "*L'histoire n'aura pas assez d'exécration pour ceux qui auront amené et consommé les attentats dont nous sommes témoins. On saura ce qu'il en coute à un siècle pour avoir porté la main sur le Christ du Seigneur, et ce qui tombe autour de cette colonne ébranlée de l'ordre, de la justice, de la société!*" The Bishop declares that there must be an united effort made, not only by the Catholics of all countries, but by all Christians, by all men of order and intelligence and heart every where; and his letter concludes by ordering certain special prayers throughout his diocese to avert the anger of heaven, and bring down a blessing in its place.

8. A good deal has lately been written on the place which Latin and Greek versification hold in our classical education. This is one

of those subjects which turn up from time to time, and the discussion of which is encouraged by the newspapers—in the time of the recess. One thing, at least, seems certain, though it is not always remembered by the assailants of the system which we have inherited from past generations—that Latin and even Greek versification—setting aside their own intrinsic value—are just as valuable or as useless as sound, accurate, and refined scholarship. If this is worth gaining, then those who complain of the amount of time bestowed on composition in our Public Schools must not be listened to. As a proof of the charm which the habit of Latin versification possesses for those who have acquired it, we always welcome the volumes which from time to time appear containing translations of English poetry into the classical languages, or of classical masterpieces into English poetry. The latest specimen of the class seems to be the book which now lies before us, under the title *Fasciculus*.^{*} It is the joint production of three or four well-practised scholars, and, though perhaps not equal to some of the most famous volumes of the kind, it contains a good deal of very happy translation. In the *Arundines Cami*, the earliest book of this class in our times, a rather dangerous example was set of indulging in endless translations of nursery rhymes, “Hey diddle diddle,” and the like. It required no great scholarship to produce absurd Latin versions of these old acquaintances, and the joke, such as it was, palled on repetition. We observe little of this sort of thing in *Fasciculus*, though there is a mistake of the same character made in the attempt to translate Dickens’ “Expiring Frog.” Perhaps more judgment might have been exercised in the selection of the English pieces. We have attempts at rendering some of the most beautiful but most untranslateable *morceaux* of Tennyson and other writers of kindred powers, the exquisite delicacy and tender bloom of which simply fades and evaporates in the process of version into Latin. At all events, the translations here given of Tennyson’s *Swallow flying south*, of his *Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea*, and *Blow, bugles, blow*; of Shelley’s magnificent *Stanzas written in dejection near Naples*, and of Keats’ *Bower of Adonis*, are hopelessly poor by the side of the originals. One of the very best pieces in the book, though short, is from a part of the scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which Falstaff has to hide himself from Master Ford. We must also mention a really graceful translation of Poe’s *Raven*, and some good Alcaics from Cowper’s *Lines to a Friend*,—in which, however, the poet’s famous “Mary” is rather strangely turned into “formosa Chloe.”

* *Fasciculus*. Ediderunt Ludovicus Gidley et Robinson Thornton. Londini et Oxonii, 1866.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.

TO

The Inhabitants of Kentish and Camden
Towns, Hampstead and Highgate,
AND ALL THE WORLD.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF MORISON'S PILLS.

To MESSRS. MORISON,

DEAR SIRS.—I have felt for many years that there was a duty and a debt of gratitude owing to you for the great good I and my family have received from your invaluable medicine; and also a duty to those of my fellow-creatures who may be suffering from any settled or temporary affliction, that they may be induced, from the great good I have derived, and from my long experience, to try the wonderful efficacy of your pills. I will be as brief as possible, and will first mention my own case.

When a youth, about thirteen years of age, I had a very severe chill of the blood: my head swelled, and I came out all over in large scarlet spots. Our medical man, Mr. Henry Wakefield, then of King's Cross, attended me; he treated me for the scarlet fever. I became seriously ill; but he partially restored me. The following winter, my complaint, with its attendant pains, returned. I was then treated for rheumatism, but I got worse and worse; my appetite failed, great weakness followed, until I was obliged to take to my bed. Other doctors were applied to; each differed in their opinion of my complaint, and also in their treatment of me. One of those eminent wiseacres, after minutely examining me, said that my complaint would turn to king's evil or scrofula, unless I had a perpetual blister applied. He ordered six to be applied successively, each to remain on twenty-four hours. I went through four, which reduced me to the last degree of weakness and inability, so that I was obliged to be fed in bed with a spoon, not having strength enough to raise my hand to my head; my hands and feet drawn tight by cramp; the muscles of my legs and arms hard and knotted, which caused me the most excruciating pain. My mother sent for Mr. Wakefield; and when he came he was greatly surprised, and spoke severely of the treatment I had been put under. The blisters were ordered by the eminent Dr. Stafford, of Burlington Street, W. Mr. Wakefield ordered wine to be given to me frequently. He also sent a lotion to rub my hands and feet, and ordered hot flannels to be constantly applied, my hands and feet to be rubbed, and sent strengthening medicine to be taken every two hours; by which treatment I got strength sufficient to sit up in bed. All this time my disease was gaining strength; my appetite was gone; my pains became more settled and constant. In this state I lay without any lasting relief or benefit for a long time, taking large doses of medicine without deriving the least benefit. For nearly seven years I was under the medical treatment of the most eminent (1) physicians and surgeons; but my complaint, whatever it was, baffled all their skill. My sufferings were very great. At last, an eminent doctor, who was my last medical adviser, said, "nothing more could be done for me; I should be a cripple for life; that my case was incurable." Thus I was left to linger out a miserable existence; but God had willed it otherwise. My father, who had received much benefit from the pills, advised me as a last resource to give your pills a fair trial, to which I readily consented. Mr. Twell, then of Red Lion Square, was applied to, he being then one of your general agents. He kindly came and visited me, and strongly advised me to persevere with your pills. I began with eight twice a day, morning and evening, Nos. 1 and 2 alternately, and increased to fifteen twice a day, and continued taking that number for nearly six months. Before I had taken them a week my pains were much abated; after a short time my appetite began to return, and what I took stayed on my stomach. I was not long before I was able to get up, and remain up nearly all the day. As I continued taking the pills, so my strength gradually returned; and by the end of June, having taken thirty pills a day regularly from the beginning of January, I was able to get up and down stairs: all pain gone, my spirits buoyant, could eat and drink regularly, and enjoy my meals. I was at first obliged to use crutches, but those in a short time I was able to dispense with; and from that time to the present, just about thirty years, with the blessing of God,

I have enjoyed excellent health, taking three or four pills occasionally. I have eight children living, who, I am thankful to say, are very healthy, and have generally enjoyed excellent health. I need scarcely say that your pills are our general medicine in all cases, and for all ages. In 1863 I had five of them ill with measles. I gave them the pills regularly, morning and evening, and they all did very well, and left no weakness or ailment after the disease. The early part of the last year (1865), one of my little girls caught the small-pox of some one. She had it very badly. We had five down at once with that disease. We had no medical man to attend them. We gave pills to each of them regularly, morning and evening, the number varying according to age. The youngest was $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old, the eldest 13 years old. Thank God, they all did well, and have had since excellent health. Two of them are slightly marked; three not at all. As soon as we discovered what the disease really was, we gave strong doses to each of the other children. To the eldest one I gave fourteen pills a day—six in the morning, and eight in the evening. He took the disease, but had it very slightly indeed. One of my little boys and another youth slept in an adjoining room, but they did not take it. I gave them strong doses of pills night and morning, which I consider the reason of their not taking it. They are all now, thank God, in excellent health, and have been since taking your invaluable medicine; and all the expense of the medicine was *five shillings and sixpence*: two 2s. 9d. boxes of pills, one of No. 1, and one of No. 2; and these boxes lasted through all the affliction. Alas! what would have been my bill if I had called in a medical man? If I had, most likely I should have had a long undertaker's bill in the bargain, with all its attendant expences for mourning, &c., &c., fearful to contemplate. My wife had a very severe attack of erysipelas in her head. Being in great pain, and not knowing what it was, she went to a medical man, who prescribed for her; but she got much worse, and was obliged to keep her bed. I advised her to take strong doses of pills, which she did. The complaint travelled from ear to ear through her head. She was very ill; her life despaired of, and suffered the most acute pain; was delirious one day and night. Your pills were persevered with in doses of six alternately, morning and evening. Before she had taken them a week the swelling was gone and the pain much abated. She continued taking them for nearly another week, when she was perfectly restored. It was a most striking and extraordinary cure. I could mention many other cases of cure that have come under my own knowledge; and the parties have taken the pills by my recommendation and under my instructions. A pupil of mine was suffering with a diseased hip, had several running wounds, his health generally bad, obliged to use crutches, and was a great sufferer. I called on his parents, told them my own case, and strongly advised them and their son to give the pills a trial. After several calls on his parents, and much persuasion, I got the youth to take them. His age was sixteen. I advised him to begin with four pills a day, which he did; and then to increase them to twice a day. He is perfectly cured, left off his crutches, and since learned a profession, and can walk nimbly with a stick and high-heeled boot.

I could greatly enlarge and give very remarkable cases of cure that have come under my immediate and personal knowledge in cases of leprosy and erysipelas after vaccination in my own family, bronchitis, whooping-cough, indigestion, and general debility, skin complaints, &c., &c., in other families.

I would here remark that the eldest of my children who took the small-pox was vaccinated, and after vaccination was for four or five years greatly afflicted, and we feared he would be a cripple for life. He was about two years old when vaccinated, and when seven years of age had no use of his legs, though a fine, healthy boy before he was vaccinated. The other four had not been vaccinated. My second son after vaccination became a complete leper. He came out all over his body in sores, which ran one into the other; and a most pitiable and suffering object he was, but was finally cured by the pills.

I hope, dear sir, you will excuse me sending you so long an epistle; but my object is to endeavour to persuade my fellow-creatures who may be suffering from any disease, and who may think their case hopeless, as I did mine, to give your medicine a fair trial. You are at liberty to do with this statement of facts as you may deem fit. I can vouch for the truth of all that I have stated, and will affix my name and address, that, should any doubt it, I will substantiate all I have written.

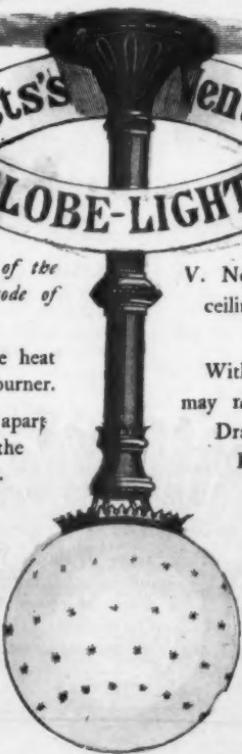
I and my family are living witnesses of the truth of the Hygeian system, and believe in it as firmly as in our existence.

I have the honour to be, dear Sirs,

12, Leighton Road, Kentish Town,
September, 1866.

Your grateful servant,
JACOB WHIDDON,

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(See Illustration on other side.)



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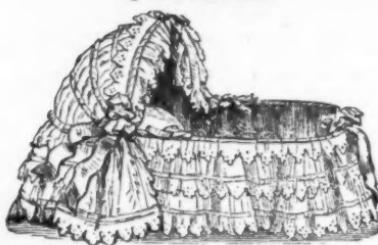


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